

DIVINE  
FANCIES:

Digested into  
EPIGRAMMES,  
MEDITATIONS,  
AND  
OBSERVATIONS.

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BY FRA: QUARLES.

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LONDON:  
Printed by M.F. for IOHN MARRIOT,  
and are to be sold at his Shop in *St. Dunstons*  
Churchyard in *Fleetstreet*.

1636.

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Digested into  
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MEDITATIONS  
AND  
OBSERVATIONS

By J. B. G. G. G.



LONDON:  
Printed by M. P. for JOHN KILGROVE,  
and are to be sold at the Sign of the Dragon  
in Church-yard in St. James's  
1636.



patient: My breeding will long



TO  
**THE ROYALL**  
**BVDDE OF MAIESTIE,**  
 and Center of all our Hopes and  
 Happinesse, **CHARLES**, Prince of  
 Great **BRITAIN**, *France* and *Ireland*,  
*SONNE* and *HETRE* Apparent to the  
*High and Mighty CHARLES*, by  
 the *Grace of GOD*, King of Great  
**BRITAIN**, *FRANCE*, and  
*IRELAND*, &c.

*Illustrious Infant:*



Ive mee leave to ac-  
 knowledge my selfe  
 thy *Servant*, ere thou  
 knowst thy Selfe my  
 Prince: My Zeale  
 burnes mee, and my *desires* are im-  
 patient:

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## THE EPISTLE

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patient : My breeding *Muse* longs  
for *greene fruit* , and cannot stay thy  
*ripenesse* : Sweet *Babe* ; The loyalty  
of my Service makes bold to conse-  
crate these early Leaves to thy sa-  
cred *Infancie* , not knowing how to  
glorifie themselves , more, then by  
the Patronage of such Princely *In-  
nocencie* . Modell of Sweetnesse,  
Let thy busie Fingers entertaine this  
slender Present , and let thy harme-  
lesse Smiles crowne it : When thy  
Infancie hath crackt the *Shell* , let thy  
Childhood tast the *Kernell* ; In the  
meane while, let thy little hands and  
Eyes peruse it : Luge it in thy ten-  
der Armes, and lay thy burthen at  
thy Royall *Parents* feet ; for whose  
sake, it may gaine some honor from  
their glorious *Eyes* . Heaven blesse  
thy Youth with *Grace* , and crowne  
thy

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## DEDICATORY.

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thy Age with *Glorie*: Angels conduct thee from the *Cradle*, to the *Crowne*: Let the *English Rose*, and the *French Lillie* flourish in thy lovely *Cheeke*: And let their united *Colours* preface an everlasting *League*. Let the eminent *Qualities* of both thy renowned *Grand-Fathers* meet in thy Princely Heart; that thou mayest, in *Peace*, be honourable; and in *Warre*, victorious. And let the great addition of thy Royall Parents *Vertues* make thee up a most incomparable *Prince*, the firme *Pillar* of our happinesse, and the future *Object* of the *Worlds* wonder

*Expected, and prayed for*

*by*

Your Highnesses most Loyall  
and humble servant,

FRA: QVARES.

# DEDICATORY.

thy Age with Glories: Angels conduct  
 thee from the Cradle to the Grave;  
 Let the English-Rose, and the French  
 Ake flourish in thy lovely Cradle;  
 And let them wait to crown thy brow  
 exulting in thee. Let the empires  
 of Asia, of Europe, thy name and fame  
 labour meet in thy princely Flours;  
 that thou mayst, in laws, be hono-  
 red; and with ever victorious arms  
 let the great addition of the Royal  
 Crown be made thee up a noble  
 crown with thee; and the name of  
 of our King, and the name of  
 of the world.

By Royal Warrant

For the most noble  
 and illustrious

THAT GRACES



TO  
THE RIGHT HONOV-  
rable and truely Vertuous Lady,  
MARY Countesse of Dorset, Governesse to  
that Royall Infant, CHARLES, Prince of  
Great BRITAIN, *France, and Ireland,*  
*the Mirror of un-stained*  
HONOV.

Most Excellent LADY,



*OU* are that Starre,  
*which stands over the*  
*place, where the Babe*  
*lyes; By whose dire-*  
*ctions light, I am come*  
*from the East, to present my Myrrh,*  
*and Frankincense to the young Child:*

*B*

*Let*

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## THE EPISTLE

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*Let not our Royall JOSEPH, nor his Princely MARY be afraid; there are no Herods here; We have all seen his Starre in the East, and have reioyced: Our loyall hearts are full; for our eyes have seene him, in whom our Posterity shall be blessed: To Him, most honourable Lady, I addresse my thoughts; To Him, I presume to consecrate these Lines; which, since it hath pleased our gracious Soveraigne to appoint you the Governesse of his Royall Infancie, I have made bold to present, first, to your Noble hands; not daring, in my very thoughts to disioyne, whom his Sacred Maiesty, in so great Wisedome, hath put together; or to consider severally, where his Highnesse hath made so inviolable a Relation. Madam, May your Honours increase with your bowers, and let eternall Glory crowne your Vertues; that when  
this*

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RECOMMENDATORY.

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*this Age shall sleepe in Dust, our Children, yet unborne, may honour your glorious Memory, under the happinesse of his Government, whose Governesse you are; which shall be daily the Subiect of his Prayers, who is*

The sworne-Servant of your  
Ladiships Perfections,

FRA: QVARLES.

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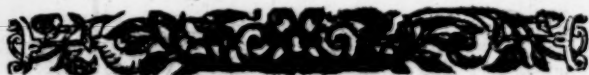
## To the Readers.



Readers, I will not (like One that knowes the strength of his owne *Muse*) commit Rape upon your *Vnderstandings*, nor rayle at your *Ignorances*, if our Wits jumpe not: I have written at my owne perill; understand you at your owne pleasures: I have not so little *Man* in mee, as to want my faults; nor so much *Foole* in me as to thinke it; nor so little *Modestie*, as to sweare it; nor so much *Childe* in mee as to whine at *Zoilus*: My request is, That the faultlesse hand may cast the first *stone*, So although I cannot avoyd the common Lot of man, *Error*; I may escape the punishment of the Common Man, *Censure*.

I here present thee with a *Hive of Bees*; laden, some with *Waxe*, and some with *Honey*: Feare not to approach; There are no *Wasps*, there are no *Hornets*, here: if some wanton *Bee* should chance to buzze about thine eares, stand thy Ground, and hold thy

B 3 hands:



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## TO GOD.

**G**Lorious and Great; whose power did divide  
The Waves, and made them Walls on either side;  
That didst appeare in Cloven-tongues of Fyre;  
Divide my thoughts: and with thy selfe, inspire  
My soule; O cleave my Tongue, and make it scatter  
Various Expressions in a various Matter;  
That like the painefull Bee, I may derive  
From sundry Flow'rs, to store my slender Hive;  
Yet, may my Thoughts not so divided be,  
But they may mixe againe, and fixe in Thee.

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DIVINE





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FANCIES,

Digested into  
EPIGRAMMES,  
MEDITATIONS,  
AND  
OBSERVATIONS.

I.

*On the Musique of Organs.*



Bserve this *Organ*: Mark but  
how it goes:  
'T is not the hand of him alone  
that blowes  
The unseene *Bellows*; nor the hand that playes  
Upon th'apparent note-dividing *Keyes*,

C

That

That makes these wel·composed *Ayres* appeare  
 Before the high *Tribunall* of thine eare :  
 They both concurre : Each acts his severall part :  
 Th'one gives it *Breath* ; the other lends it *Art*.  
*Man* is this Organ : To whose every action  
 Heav'n gives a *Breath* (a *Breath* without *coaction*)  
 Without which *Blast* we cannot act at all ;  
 Without which *Breath*, the *Vniverse* must fall  
 To the first *Nothing* it was made of : seeing  
 In *Him* we live, we move, we have our being :  
 Thus fill'd with his Diviner *breath*, and back't  
 With his first *power* we touch the *Kayes* and act :  
 He blowes the *Bellowes* : As we thrive in skill,  
 Our *Actions* prove, like Musicke, *Good*, or *Ill*.

## 2.

*On the contingencie of Actions.*

I Saw him dead ; I saw his Body fall  
 Before Deaths *dart* ; whom teares must not recall :  
 Yet is he not so dead, but that his *Day*  
 Might have been lengthen'd, had th'untrodden way  
 To life heene found : Hee might have rose agin,  
 If *something* had, or *something* had not bin :  
 What mine sees past, Heav'n's eye foresaw to come ;  
 He saw, how that *contingent* Act should summe  
 The totall of his *Dayes* : His knowing Eye  
 (As mine doth see him dead) saw he should die  
 That very fatall houre ; yet saw his death,  
 Not so so necessary, but his *Breath* :

Might

Might beene enlarg'd unto a longer date,  
Had he neglected *This*, or taken *That* :  
All times to Heav'n are *now*, both first and last ;  
Hee sees things *present*, as we see them past.

## 3.

*On the Sacraments.*

**T**He *Loaves of Bread* were five ; the *Fishes* two,  
Whereof the Multitude was made partaker.  
Who made the *Fishes* ? God : But tell me, who  
Gave being to the *Loaves of Bread* ? the *Baker* :  
Ev'n so these Sacraments which some call seven,  
Five were ordain'd by *Man*, and two, by *Heaven*.

## 4.

*On the infancie of our Saviour.*

**H**Ayle blessed *Virgin*, full of heavenly *Grace*,  
Blest above all that sprang from humane race ;  
Whose Heav'n saluted *Womb* brought forth in *One*,  
A blessed *Saviour*, and a blessed *Son* :  
O ! what a ravishment 'thad been, to see  
Thy little *Saviour* perking on thy *Knee* !  
To see him nuzzle in thy *Virgin Breast* !  
His milke white body all unclad, undrest ;  
To see thy busie Fingers cloathe and wrappe  
His spradling Limbs in thy indulgent *Lappe* !  
To see his desprate *Eyes*, with Childish grace,  
Smiling upon his smiling Mothers face !

And, when his forward strength began to bloome,  
 To see him *diddle* up and downe the Roome!  
 O, who would thinke, so sweet a *Babe* as this,  
 Should ere be slaine by a false-hearted *kisse*!  
 Had I a *Ragge*, if sure thy Body wore it,  
 Pardon sweet *Babe*, I thinke I should adore it,  
 Till then, O grant this Boone, (a boone far dearer)  
 The *Weed* not being, I may adore the *Wearer*.

## 5.

On Judas Iscariot.

**W**E raile at *Judas*, him that did betray  
 The Lord of life, yet doe it *day* by *day*.

## 6.

On the life and death of Man.

**T**He World's a Theater; The Earth, a Stage  
 Plac'd in the midst; whereon both *Prince* & *page*,  
 Both *rich* and *poore*; *foole*, *wiseman*; *base*, and *high*;  
 All act their *Parts* in *Lifes* short *Tragedy*:  
 Our *Life's* a *Tragedy*: Those secret *Roomes*  
 Wherein we tire us, are our Mothers *Wombs*;  
 The *Musicke* us'ring in the *Play*, is *Mirth*  
 To see a *Manchild* brought upon the *Earth*:  
 That fainting gaspe of *Breath* which first we vent  
 Is a *Dumb-show*, presents the *Argument*:  
 Our new-borne *Cries*, that new-born *griefs* bewray,  
 Is the sad *Prologue* of th'ensuing *Play*:

False hopes, true feares, vaine joyes, and fierce distracts  
Are like the Musicke that divides the Acts :  
Time holds the glasse, and when the hower's run,  
Death strikes the Epilogue, and the Play is done.

7.

On the seven liberall Sciences of a Christian.

Grammar.

**I**T is an Art, that teaches not t'excell  
In Writing, Speaking, as in *Doing well*.

Logicke.

**I**T is an Art, sometimes of *Plotting treason*  
Against the Crowne and Dignity of Reason.

Rhetoricke.

**I**T is an Art, whereby he learnes t'encrease  
His knowledge of the time, to *Hold his peace*.

Arithmeticke.

**I**T is an Art, that makes him apt to raise  
And number out Gods Blessings, and his *Dayes*.

Musicke.

**I**T is a potent Science, that infringes *(hinges.*  
Strong Prison doores, and heaves them from their

*Astronomie.*

**I**T is an *Art*, of taking out the *Lead*  
From his dull *Browes*, and lifting up the *Head*.

*Geometry.*

**I**T is an *Art*, instructs him how to have  
The *World* in *score*, and measure out his *Grave*.

## 8.

*Christs foure houses.*

**H**is first house was the blessed *Virgins Wombe*;  
The next, a *Cratch*; the third, a *Crosse*; the fourth  
(a *Tombe*.

## 9.

*Of Light and Heat.*

(bright,  
**M**ark but the *Sun-beames*, when they shine most  
They lend this lower world both heat & light:  
They both are *Children* of the selfe-same *Mother*,  
*Twinnes*; not subsisting one without the other;  
They both conspire unto the *Common good*,  
When, in their proper places, understood:  
Is't not rebellion against *Sense* to say,  
*Light* helps to quicken: Or, the *Beames* of day  
May lend a *Heat*, and yet no *Light* at all?  
'Tis true, some obvious *Shade* may chance to fall  
Upon the quickned *Plant*, yet not so great,  
To quench the operation of the *Heat*:

The



The *Heat* cannot be parted from the *Light*,  
 Nor yet the *Light* from *Heat*; They neither might  
 Be mingled in the *Air*, nor found asunder:  
 Distinguish now fond man; or stay and wonder:

Know then;  
 Their vertues differ though themselves agree;  
*Heat* vivifies; *Light* gives man power to see.  
 The thing so vivified: no *Light*, no *Heat*;  
 And where the *heat's* but small, the *light's* not great:  
 They are inseparable, and sworn *Lovers*,  
 Yet differing thus; *That* quickens; *This* discovers:  
 Within these lines a sacred Myst'ry lurks:  
 The *Heat* resembles *Faith*: the *Light*, good works.

10.

On Judas Iscariot.

SOME curse that traytor *Judas* life and lim;  
 God-knows, some curse themselves in cursing him.

11.

On the possession of the swine.

WHEN as our blessed *Saviour* did un-devill  
 The Man posselt; the Spirits in conclusion,  
 Entred the *Swine* (being active still in evill)  
 And drove them headlong to their owne confusion.  
*Drunkards*, beware, and be advised then,  
 They'l find you as y'are *Swine*; if not, as *Men*.

12.

## 12.

## On a Sun-Diall.

**T**His Horizontall *Dyall* can bewray  
 To the sad *Pilgrim*, the houre of the *Day* :  
 But if the *Sunne* appeare not his Adviser,  
 His eye may looke, yet he prove ne'er the wiser :  
 Alas, alas ; there's nothing can appeare,  
 But onely *Types*, and shadow'd *Figures* there :  
 This *Dyall* is the *Scripture*; and the Sun,  
 Gods holy *Spirit*; *We*, the lookers on :  
 Alas, that sacred *Letter*, which we read,  
 Without the *Quickning* of the *Spirit's* dead :  
 The knowledge of our *Peace* improves no better,  
 Then if our eye had not beheld a *Letter* :  
 I, but this glorious *Sun* shines alwayes bright :  
 I, but we often stand in our owne light :  
 Use then the day, for when the day is gon,  
 There will be *darknes* : there will be no Sun.

## 13.

## On the three Christian Graces.

*Faith.*

**I**T is a *Grace*, that teaches to deprave not  
 The *goods* we have; To ~~have~~ the *goods* we have not.

*Hope.*

**I**T is a *Grace*, that keeps th' Almighty blamelesse,  
 In long delay : And men (in begging) shamelesse.  
*Chari-*

## Charitie.

IT is a *Grace*, or *Art* to get a *Living*  
By selling *Land*; and to grow rich, by giving.

## 14.

## On a Feast.

THE *Lord* of Heav'n and Earth ha's made a *Feast*  
And ev'ry *Soule* is an invited *Guest* :  
The *Word's* the *Food*; the *Levits* are the *Cooks*;  
The *Fathers* *Writings* are their *Diet-books*;  
But seldome us'd; for 'tis a fashion grown,  
To recommend made *Dishes* of their owne: (*broyle*;  
What they should *boyle*, they *bake*; what *roast*, they  
Their luscious *Sallats* are too sweet with *oyle* :  
Inbrieft, 'tis now a daies too great a fault,  
Thave too much *pepper*, and too little *salt*.

## 15.

## On Dives.

THAT drop-requesting *Dives* did desire  
His *Brothers* might have warning of that *Fire*;  
Whose flames he felt: Could he, a *Fiend*, wish well  
To man? What, is their *Charity* in *Hell*?  
Each *Soule* that's damned is a *Brand* of fire,  
To make *Hell* so much hotter; And the nigher  
In blood or love they be, that are tormented,  
The more their paines & torments are augmented:

D

No

No wonder then, if *Dives* did desire,  
His Brothers might have warning of that Fire.

## 16.

*On outward shew.*

**I**Vdge not that *Field*, because 'tis Stubble,  
Nor him that's poore, and full of trouble.  
Though t'one looke bare; the tother thin;  
Judge not; Their *Treasure* is within.

## 17.

*On the reading of the Scriptures:*

**I**N reading of the Sacred *Writt*; beware,  
Thou climbe no *stile* when as a *gapp* stands faire.

## 18.

*On the life of Man.*

**O**Ur Life's the *Modell* of a Winters Day;  
Our Soule's the *Sun*, whose faint and feeble *Ray*  
Gives our Earth light; a *light* but weak, at strongest,  
But low, at highest; very short, at longest:  
The childish Teares, that from our eyes doe passe,  
Is like the *Dew* that pearls the morning grasse:  
When as our *Sun* is but an hower high,  
We goe to *school*, to learne; are whipt, and crie:  
We truant up and downe; we make a spoile  
Of precious *Time*, and sport in our owne toile:

Our

Our Bed's the quiet *Grave* ; wherein we lay  
 Our wearie Bodies, tyred with the Day :  
 The early *Trumpet*, like the *Morning Bell*,  
 Calls to account ; where they that have learn'd well  
 Shall find *Reward* ; And such as have mis-spent  
 Their Time, shall reape an earned *punishment* :  
 No wonder, then, to see the *Sluggards* eyes,  
 So loath to goe to Bed ; so loath to rise.

19.

*On the Crowing of a Cock.*

**T**He Crowing of a *Cock* doth oft fore-shew  
 A change of Weather : *Peter* found it so :  
 The *Cock* no sooner crew, but by and by  
 He found a *Change of weather* in his eye :  
 Tis an easie thing to say, and to sweare too,  
 Wee'l dye for *Christ* ; but tis as hard to doe.

20.

*On Mammon.*

**M**<sup>(that ?</sup> *Ammon's* growne rich : Does *Mammon* boast of  
 The Stalled *Oxe*, as well may boast, Hee's fat.

21.

*On Church contemners.*

**T**Hose *Church-contemners*, that can easily waigh  
 The profit of a *Sermon* with a *Play* ;  
 D 2 [Whose

Whose testy stomachs can digest, as well,  
 A profer'd Injurie, as a *Sermon*-bell;  
 That say unwonted *Pray'rs* with the like wills,  
 As queazie Patients take their loathed *Pills*:  
 To what extremity would they be driven,  
 If God, in Judgement, should but give them Heaven.

## 22.

*On Morus.*

**H**E is no *Flemming*: for he cannot *swill*:  
 No *Roman*; for his stomach's *fleshy* still:  
 He cannot be a Jew; he was *baptiz'd*:  
 Nor yet a *Gentile*; he was *circumciz'd*:  
 He is no *True man*; for he *lyes* a trot:  
*Prophane* he is not: for he *swears* ye not:  
 What is he then? One Feast without a *Bill*  
 Shall make him all; or which of all ye will.

## 23.

*On the Hypocrite.*

**N**O mans condition is so base as his;  
 None more accur'd than *he*: For *Man* esteemes  
 Him hatefull, 'cause he seemes not what hee is:  
*God* hates him, 'cause he is not what he seemes;  
 What griefe is absent, or what mischief can  
 Be added to the hate of *God* and *Man*?

24.

*On a Pilgrime.*

**T**He weary *Pilgrime*, oft, doth aske, and know,  
 How farre hee's come; how farre he has to goe:  
 His way is tedious, and his heart's oppress'd,  
 And his desier is to be at *Rest*:  
 Our life's a *Wayfare*; yet fond Man delays  
 T'enquier out the number of his *Days*;  
 He cares not He, how slow his howers spend;  
 His Journey's better then his Journies end.

25.

*On the Needle of a Sun-diall.*

**B**Ehold this Needle; when the *Artick* Stone  
 Hath toucht it, how it trembles up and downe;  
 Hunts for the *Pole*; and cannot be posselt,  
 Of peace, untill it finde that point, that rest:  
 Such is the *heart* of Man; which, when it hath  
 Attain'd the vertue of a lively faith,  
 It findes no rest on earth, makes no abode,  
 In any Object, but his *heav'n* his *God*.

26.

*On Affliction.*

**W**Hen thou afflict'st me, Lord, if I repine,  
I show my selfe to be mine owne, not thine.

27.

*On a Sunne-Dyall.*

**G**oe light a *Candle* : By that light, make tryall,  
How the night spends it selfe, by the *Sun-Dyall* :  
Goe, search the *Scripture* ; Labour to encrease  
In the diviner knowledge of thy *Peace*  
By thy owne light, derived from thy mother :  
Thou may'st as eas'ly doe the one, as t'other.

28.

*On PETER.*

**W**Hen walking *Peter* was about to sink  
Into the Sea, In what a case d'ye thinke,  
H'ad beene; if he had trusted his complaint  
To th'intercession of some helpfull *Saint* :  
Beleeve it; if *Romes* doctrine had beene sound,  
And soundly follow'd, *Peter* had beene drown'd.

*On*



29.

## On Merits.

**F**ie, Rome's abus'd: Can any be thought able  
 To merit heaven by *works*: 'Tis a meere fable:  
 If so; stout *Rome* had never been so faint  
 To move her suit by a Collaterall *Saint*.

30.

## On Servio.

**S**ervio serves God. *Servio* has bare relation  
 (Not to Gods *glory*) but his owne *salvation*:  
*Servio* serves God for life: *Servio*, 'tis well:  
*Servio* may find the cooler place in Hell.

31.

## A Soliloquie.

**W**here shall I find my God! O where, O where  
 Shall I direct my steps, to find him there?  
 Shall I make search in swelling Bags of *Coin*?  
 Ah no; For God and *Mammon* cannot joine:  
 Doe Beds of *Down* containe this heavenly stranger?  
 No, no; Hee's rather cradled in some *Manger*:  
 Dwells he in wisdom? Is he gone that rode?  
 No no; Mans wisdom's foolishnesse with God:  
 Or hath some new *Plantation*, yet unknown, (*Crown*?  
 Made him their *King*, adorn'd him with their

No

No, no, the kingdomes of the earth thinke scorne  
 T'adorne his Browes with any Crown but Thorne.  
 Where shall I trace; or where shall I go winde him?  
 My Lord is gone; and O! I cannot finde him:  
 Ile ranfack the dark *Dungeons*: Ile enquire  
 Into the *Fornade*, after the sev'nth fire.  
 Ile seeke in *Daniels Den*, and in *Pauls* prison;  
 Ile search his grave, and see if he be risen:  
 Ile goe to th'house of *mourning*; and Ile call  
 At every Almes-abused *Hospitall*:  
 Ile goe and ask the *Widow* that's opprest;  
 The heavie laden, that enquires rest:  
 Ile search the Corners of all broken *hearts*;  
 The wounded *Conscience*, and the soule that *smarts*;  
 The contrite *spirit* fill'd with filiall feare;  
 I, there he is; and no where else, but there:  
 Spare not to scourge thy pleasure, O my God,  
 So I may finde thy *presence*, with thy *Rod*.

32.

*On Daniel in the Den.*

**F**ierce *Lions* roaring for their prey? and then  
*Daniel* throwen in? And *Daniel* yet remaine  
 Alive? There was a *Lion* in the *Denne*,  
 Was *Daniels* friend, or *Daniel* had been slaine:  
 Among ten thousand *Lions*, Ide not feare,  
 Had I but onely *Daniels Lion* there.

*On*

33.

*On those that deserve it.*

O When our Clergie at the dreadfull *Day*,  
Shall make their Audit, when the *Judge* shal say,  
Give your accompts: What, have my Lambs bin fed?  
Say, doe they all stand sound? Is there none dead  
By your defaults? come shepherds, bring them forth  
That I may crowne your labours in their worth.  
O what an answer will be given by some!  
We have been silenc'd: Canons struck us dumbe;  
The Great ones would not let us feed thy flock,  
Unlesse we plai'd the fooles, and wore a Frock:  
We were forbid unlesse wee'd yeeld to signe  
And crosse their browes, they say, *a mark of thine*.  
To say the truth, great Judge, they were not fed,  
Lord, here they be; but, Lord, they be all dead.  
Ah cruell Shepherds! Could your conscience serve  
Nor to be fooles, and yet to let them sterve?  
What if your Fiery spirits had been bound  
To Antick Habits; or your heads been crown'd  
With *Peacocks* Plumes; had ye been forc'd to feed  
Your Saviours deare-bought Flock in a fools weed;  
He that was scorn'd, revil'd; endur'd the *Curse*  
Of a base death, in your behalfe; nay worse,  
Swallow'd the cup of wrath charg'd up to th' *brim*,  
Durst ye not stoope to play the fooles for him?

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34.

*Doe this and live.*

**D***oe this and live?* 'Tis true, great God, then who  
 Can hope for life? for who hath power to *Doe*?  
 Art thou not able? Is thy Task too great?  
 Canst thou desier help? Canst thou intreat  
 Aid from a stronger Arm? Canst thou conceive  
 Thy *Helper* strong enough? Canst thou *beleeve*,  
 The sufferings of thy dying Lord can give  
 Thy drooping shoulders rest? *Doe this and live.*

35.

*On Joseph and his Mistris.*

**W**Hen as th'Egyption *Lady* did invire  
 Wel-favour'd *Joseph* to unchast delight,  
 How well the motion and the place agreed!  
 A beastly *Place*, and 'twas a beastly *Deed*:  
 A place well season'd for so foule a sin;  
 Too sweet to serve so foule a Master in.

36.

*On Scriptum est.*

**S**ome words excell in vertue, and discover  
 A rare conclusion, thrice repeated over.  
 Our *Saviour* thrice was tempted: thrice repress't  
 Th'assaulting tempter with thrice *Scriptum est*.  
 If thou would'st keepe thy foule secure from harme,  
 Thou know'st the words: It is a potent *Charme*.

*On*

37.

*On the flourishing of the Gospel.*

**H**ow doe our *Pastures* flourish, and refresh  
Our uberous *Kine*, so faire, so full of flesh!  
How doe our thriving *Cattell* feed our young  
With plenteous *Milk*; and with their *flesh* the strong!  
Heav'n blest our *Charles*, as he did our late *Iamus*,  
From *Pharoahs* troubles, and from *Pharoahs* Dreames.

38.

*On Joseph's Speech to his Brethren.*

**G**oe, fetch your *Brother* (said th'Egyptian Lord)  
If you intend our *Garniers* shall afford  
Your craving wants their so desir'd supplies;  
If *He* come not by *Pharoahs* life, y'are *Spies*:  
Ev'n as your *Suits* expect to find our *Grace*,  
Bring *him*; or dare not to behold my face:  
Some little food, to serve you on the way,  
We here allow, but not to feed delay;  
When you present your *Brother* to our *Hand*,  
Ye shall have plenty, and possesse the *Land*;  
Away; and let your quick obedience give  
The earnest of your *Faiths*; Do this and live:  
If not; your wilfull wants must want supply,  
For ye are *Spies*, and ye shall surely dye:  
Great God, th'Egyptian Lord resembles *Thee*;  
The *Brother's* *Iesus*: and the *Suitors* *Wee*.

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39.

*Of common Devotion.*

O Vr God and Souldiers we alike adore,  
 Ev'n at the Brink of danger; not before:  
 After deliverance, both alike required;  
 Our God's forgotten, and our Souldier's slighted.

*On the Day of Judgement.*

O When shal that *time* come, when the loud *Trump*  
 Shall wake my sleeping Ashes from the Damp  
 Of their sad *Veine*! That blessed *Day*, wherein  
 My glorifi'd, my metamorphiz'd Skin  
 Shall circumplexe and terminate that fresh  
 And new refined substance of this flesh!  
 When my transparent Flesh discharg'd fro' groanes,  
 And paynes, shall hang upon new polish'd *Bones*!  
 When as my Body shall re-entertaine  
 Her cleansed Soule, and never part againe!  
 When as my soule shal by a new Indenture,  
 Possesse her new-built house, come downe and enter!  
 When as my Body and my Soule shall plight  
 Inviolable faith, and never fight  
 Nor wrangle more, nor altercat, agin,  
 About that strife-begetting question, *Si*!  
 When Soule and Body shall receive their Doome  
 Of O *glorified* if my Father, Come!  
 When *Dust* shall be exil'd, and damn'd to dwell  
 Within her proper and true Center, *Hell*!

Where-

Where that old *Tempter* shall be bound in Chaines,  
And over-whelm'd with everlasting paines;  
Whilst I shall sit, and, in full Glory, sing  
Perpetuall *Anthems* to my *Iudge*, my *King*.

## 41.

## On Death.

WHY should we not, as well, desier *Death*,  
As Sleepe? No diffrence, but a little Breath:  
'Tis all but *Rest*; 'tis all but a Releasing  
Our tyred limbs; Why then not alike pleasing?  
Being burthen'd with the sorrowes of the *Day*,  
We wish for night; which, being come, we lay  
Our Bodies downe; yet when our very Breath  
Is irksome to us, w<sup>e</sup> are affraid of *Death*:  
Our *Sleepe* is oft accompanied with Frights,  
Distracting *Dreames* and dangers of the nights;  
When in the *Sheets* of *Death*, our Body's sure  
From all such Evils, and we sleepe secure: (ther?  
What matter, *Donne*, or *Earth*? what boots it whe-  
Alas, our Body's sensible of neither:  
Things that are senselesse feele nor paines nor ease;  
Tell me; and why not *Wormes* as well as *Fleas*?  
In *Sleepe*, we know not whether our clos'd eyes  
Shall ever wake; from *Death* w<sup>e</sup> are sure to rise:  
I, but 'tis long first: O, is that our feares?  
Dare we trust God for *Nights*? and not for *Tears*?

42.

*On the Body of Man.*

**M**Ans Body's like a *House*: His greater *Bones*;  
 Are the maine *Timber*; And the lesser Ones,  
 Are smaller *Splints*: His Ribs are *Laths*, daubd o'er,  
 Plaister'd with *flesh* and *bloud*: his Mouth's the *Doore*:  
 His Throat's the narrow *Entry*: And his Heart  
 Is the *Great Chamber*, full of curious Art:  
 His *Midreife*, is a large partition *Wall*,  
 'Twixt the *Great Chamber*, and the spacious *Hall*:  
 His *Stomack* is the *Kitchin*, where the Meate  
 Is often but halfe sod, for want of *Heate*:  
 His *Spleene*'s a *Vessell*, Nature does allot  
 To take the *skimme*, that rises from the Pot:  
 His Lungs are like the *Bellows* that respire  
 In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry Fire:  
 His Nose, the *Chimney* is, whereby are vented  
 Such Fumes, as with the *Bellows* are augmented:  
 His Bowels are the *Sinke*, whose part's to dreine  
 All noysome filth, and keepe the *Kitchin* cleane:  
 His Eyes like Christall *Windowes* cleare and bright  
 Lets in the *Object*, and lets out the *sight*:  
 And as the *Timber* is, or great or small,  
 Or strong or weake; 'tis apt to stand, or fall;  
 Yet is the likeliest *Building* sometimes knowne,  
 To fall by obvious Chances; overthrowne,  
 Oft-times by Tempests, by the full mouth'd *Blasts*  
 Of Heav'n; Sometimes by Fire; Sometimes it wafts  
 Through unadvis'd *neglect*: Put case, the *Stuffe*  
 Were ruin prooffe; by nature, strong enough,

To



To conquer *Time* and *Age* : Put case, it should  
Ne'er know an end, Alas, Our *Leaves* would :  
What hast thou then, proud *flesh* and *blood*, to boast?  
Thy *Dayes* are ev'll, at best ; but few, at most ;  
But sad, at merriest ; and but weake, at strongest ;  
Unsure, at surest ; and but short, at longest.

43.

*On the young man in the Gospel.*

**H**OW well our *Saviour* and the *landed Youth*  
Agreed a little while ? And, to say truth,  
Had he had will and power in his hand,  
To keepe the *Law*, but as he kept his *Land* ;  
No doubt, his soule had found the sweet fruition  
Of his owne choice desires without Petition :  
But he must *Sell* and *Follow* ; or else, not  
Obtaine his Heav'n : O now his heav'n's too hot :  
He cannot stay ; he has no businesse there :  
Hee'l rather misse, then buy his heav'n too deare :  
*When broth's too hot for hasty hounds, how they  
Will licke their scalded lips, and sneake away !*

44.

*On Mans goodnesse, and Gods love.*

**G**OD loves not Man, because that Man is *good* ;  
For Man is sinfull, because *Flesh* and *Blood* :  
We argue false : It rather may behove us,  
To think us *good*, 'cause God thinks good to love us,  
He that shall argue up from Man to God,  
Takes but the paines to gather his owne *Rod* :

Who

Who from such Premisses, shall drawe's *Conclusion*,  
Makes but a *sylogisme* of his owne confusion.

45.

*On mans Plea.*

**M**Ans *Plea* to *Man*, is, That he never more  
Will begge, and that he never begg'd before :  
*Mans Plea* to *God*, is, That he did obtaine  
A former Suit, and therefore sues againe.  
How good a God we serve ; that when we sue,  
Makes his old gifts th'examples of his new !

46.

*On Furio.*

**F**urio will not forgive ; *Furio* beware :  
*Furio* will curse himselfe in the *Lords Prayer*.

47.

*On Martha and Mary.*

**M**Artha, with joy, receiv'd her blessed Lord ;  
Her Lord she welcoms, feasts, and entertains :  
*Mary* sate silent ; heares, but speakes no word ;  
*Martha* takes all, and *Mary* takes no paines :  
*Mary's* to heare ; to feast him *Martha's* care is ;  
Now which is greater, *Martha's* love, or *Mary's* ?

*Martha* is full of trouble, to prepare ;  
*Martha* respects his good beyond her owne :

*Mary*

*Mary* sits still at ease, and takes no care;  
*Mary* desires to please her selfe, alone:  
 The pleasure's *Maries*; *Martha's* all the care is;  
 Now which is greater *Martha's* love, or *Maries*?

Tis true; Our blessed Lord was *Martha's* Guest;  
*Mary* was his; and, in his feast, delighted:  
 Now which hath greater reason to love best,  
 The bountifull Invitor, or th'invited?  
 Sure, both lov'd well; But *Mary* was the debter,  
 And therefore should, in reason, love the better:

*Marie's* was spirituall; *Martha's* love was carnall;  
 T'one kist his hand; The other, but the Glove:  
 As farr as mortall is beneath eternall,  
 So farr is *Martha's* lesse then *Marie's* love: (bers  
 How blest is he, Great God, whose heart remem-  
*Marie's* to Thee; and *Martha's* to thy Members!

48.

On our blessed Saviour.

**W**E often reade our blessed Saviour wept;  
 But never laught, and seldome that he slept:  
 Ah, sure his heavy eyes did wake, and weepe  
 For us that sin, so oft, in mirth, and sleepe.

49.

On sinnes.

**S**innes, in respect of Man, all mortall be;  
 All veniall, *Iesu*, in respect of Thee.

F

We

50.

*On Mans behaviour to God.*

WE use our God, as Us'ers doe their bands;  
 We often beare him in our *hearts*, our *hands*;  
 His *Paths* are beaten, and his *Wayes* are trod,  
 So long as hee's a profitable God:  
 But when the Money's paid, the Profit's taken,  
 Our *Bands* are cancel'd, and our *God's* forsaken.

51.

*On Mans Cruelty.*

AND dar'st thou venture still to live in Sin,  
 And crucifie thy dying Lord agin?  
 Were not his *Pangs* sufficient? must he bleed  
 Yet more? O, must our sinfull pleasures feed  
 Upon his Torments; and augment the Story  
 Of the sad passion of the Lord of *Glory*!  
 Is there no pity? Is there no remorse  
 In humane breasts? Is there a firme divorce  
 Betwixt all mercy, and the hearts of Men?  
 Parted for ever? ne'r to meet agen?  
 No *mercy* bides with us: 'Tis thou, alone,  
 Hast it, sweet Jesu, for us, that have none  
 For Thee: Thou hast fore-stall'd our *Markets* so,  
 That all's *Above*, and we have none *Below*:  
 Nay, blessed Lord, we have not wherewithall  
 To serve our shiftlesse selves, unlesse we call  
 To Thee, that art our *Saviour*, and hast power  
 To give, and whom we Crucifie, each hower:

Ware

W'are cruell (Lord) to thee, and our selves too;  
JESV forgive's; we know not what we doe.

52.

*Mans Progresse.*

**T**He Earth is that forbidden *Tree* that growes  
Ith' midst of *Paradise*; Her *Fruit* that shoves  
So sweet, so faire, so pleasing to the eyes,  
Is worldly pleasure in a faire disguise:  
The *Flesh* suggests: *The fruit is faire and good,*  
*Apt to make wise, and a delicious Food;*  
*It hath a secret vertue, wherewithall*  
*To make you Gods; and not to dye at all.*  
Man tastes, and tempts the frailty of his Brother;  
His Brother eats; One bit calls on another:  
His guilty *Conscience* opes his eyes; He sees  
He sees his empirie nakednesse, and flees;  
He stitches slender *Fig-leaves*, and does frame  
Poore Arguments t'excuse his Sin, his Shame:  
But in the cooler evening of his Dayes,  
The voyce calls *Adam*: *Adam's* in a Maze:  
His *Conscience* bids him run: The voyce pursues;  
Poore *Adam* trembles, ere he knowes the newes:  
*Adam* must quit the Garden, lest he strive  
To tast the saving *Tree of life*, and live;  
Poore Man must goe; But whither is he bound?  
Ev'n to the place from whence he came, the *Ground*.

## 53.

*On the two great Floods.*

**T**WO *Floods* I read of; *Water* and of *Wine*;  
 The first was *Noahs*; *Lot*, the last was thine:  
 The first was the *Effect*; The last, the *Cause*  
 Of that foule Sinne, against the sacred Lawes  
 Of God and Nature, *Incest*: *Noah* found  
 An *Arke* to save him, but poore *Lot* was drown'd;  
 Good *Noah* found an *Arke*; but *Lot* found none:  
*W're safer in Gods hands then in our owne*:  
 The former flood of *Waters* did extend  
 But some few dayes; this latter ha's no end;  
 They both destroy'd, I know not which the worst:  
 The last is ev'n as Gen'rall, as the first:  
 The first being ceas'd; the world began to fill;  
 The last depopulates, and waists it still: (ther;  
 Both *Floods* ore-whelm'd both Man and beast toge-  
 The last is worst, if there be best of either:  
 The first are ceas'd: Heav'n vow'd it by a Signe;  
*When shall we see a Rainbow after Wine?*

## 54.

*On Fuca.*

**F***uca*, thou quot'st the Scriptures on thy side,  
 And mak'st *Rebecca* patronize thy pride;  
 Thou say'st that she wore *Eare rings*: Did she so?  
 Know this withall; She bore the *Pitcher* too:  
 Thou may'st, like her, weare *Eare-rings*, if thy pride  
 Can stoope to what, *Rebecca* did beside.

This

55.

*On Abrahams servant.*

**T**His faithfull *Servant* will not feed, untill  
He doe his trust-reposing Masters will:  
There's many, now, that will not eat before  
They speed their Masters work: *They'l drink the more.*

56.

*On Alexander.*

**N**O marvell, thou great *Monarch*, did'st complaine  
And weep, there were no other worlds to gaine;  
Thy griefes and thy complaints were not amisse;  
H'as Griefe enough, that findes no world but this.

57.

*On rash Judgement.*

**I**Vdge not too fast: This *Tree* that does appeare  
So barren, may be fruitfull the next yeare:  
Hast thou not patience to expect the hower?  
I feare thy owne are *Crabs* they be so sower:  
Thy Judgement oft may tread beside the Text;  
A *Saul* to day, may prove a *Paul*, the next.

58.

*On Jacobs purchase.*

**H**OW poore was *Jacobs* motion, and how strange  
His offer! How unequall was th'exchange!

A melle of *Porrage* for Inheritance?  
 Why could not hungry *Eſau* ſtrive t'enhaunce  
 His price a little? So much underfoot?  
 Well might he give him Bread and drink to boot:  
 An eaſie price! The caſe is ev'n our owne;  
 For toyes we often ſell our *Heav'n*, our *Crowne*.

59.

On *Eſau*.

**W**Hat haſt thou done? Nay what ſhal *Eſau* do?  
 Loſt both his *Birtheright*, and his *Bleſſing* too!  
 What hath poore *Eſau* left, but empy teares,  
 And Plaints, that cannot reach the old'mans cares?  
 What with thy Fathers *Diet*, and thine owne,  
 Thy *Birtheright's* aliend, and thy *Bleſſing's* gone:  
 How does one miſchiefe overtake another:  
 In both, how overtaken by a Brother?  
 Could thy imperious ſtomack but have ſtay'd,  
 And if thy Fathers had not beene delay'd,  
 Thou had'ſt not need have wept and pleaded ſo,  
 But kept thy *Birtheright*, and thy *Bleſſing* too:  
 Had thy unproſp'rous, thy unlucky hand  
 Diſpatch'd thy *Venz'on*, as it did thy Land,  
 Thy ſorrowes had not made ſo great a Heape,  
 That had not beene ſo deare; nor this, ſo cheape:  
 Had thine giv'n place but to thy Fathers will,  
 Th'adſt had thy *Birtheright*; and thy *Bleſſing* ſtill.

The



60.

*On the absence of a blessing.*

**T**He blessing gon, what do's there now remaine?  
*Esau's* offended; *Jacob* must be slaine:  
The heart of man once emptied of a Grace,  
How soone the *Devill* justles in the place!

61.

*On the younger Brother.*

**I** Know, the *Elder* and the *Yonger*, too,  
Are both alike to God; Nor one, nor other  
Can plead their yeares, But yet we often doe  
Observe, the Blessing's on the *younger Brother*:  
The Scripture notes it, but does spare to show  
A reason; therefore, I despaire to know.

62.

*On Kain.*

**B**Efore that *Monster* spilt his Brothers blood,  
W'are sure the *fourth* part of the world was good:  
O, what a dearth of goodnesse did there grow,  
When the *Fourth* part was murd' red at a blow!

63.

*On the righteous Man.*

**P**romise is *dett*: And Dett implies a *paiment*:  
How can the righteous, then dout *food & raimēt*?  
By

## 63.

*On Faith, Love, and Charity.*

**B**y nature *Faith* is fiery, and it tends  
 Still upward : *Love*, by native course, descends :  
 But *Charity*, whose nature doth confound  
 And mixe the former two, moves ever round :  
 Lord, let thy *Love* descend, and then the Fire  
 Of sprightly *Faith* shall kindle, and aspire :  
 O, then, my circling *Charity* shall move  
 In proper motion, mixt of *Faith* and *Love*.

## 64.

*On Jacobs Pillow.*

**T**he Bed, was *Earth* : The raised Pillow, *Stones*,  
 Whereon poore *Jacob* rests his head, his Bones ;  
 Heav'n was his *Canopy* ; The Shades of night  
 Were his drawne *Curtaines*, to exclude the *Light* :  
 Poore State for *Isacks* heyre ! It seemes to mee,  
 His Cattrell found as soft a *Bed*, as Hee :  
 Yet God appeared there, his *Ioy*, his *Crowne* ;  
*God is not alway scene in Beds of Doune* :  
 O, if that God shall please to make my *Bed*,  
 I care not where I rest my Bones, my Head ;  
 With Thee, my wants can never prove extreame ;  
 With *Jacobs Pillow*, give me *Jacobs Dreame*.

*Faith*

65.

On Faith.

Faith do's acknowledge *gifts*, altho we have not;  
It keeps unseene those sins, Confession hid not;  
It makes us to enjoy the Goods we have not;  
It counts as done, those pious deeds, we did not;  
It works; endows; it freely 'accepts; it hides:  
What Grace is absent where true *Faith* abides?

66.

On Zacheus.

ME thinks, I see, with what a busie hast,  
*Zacheus* climb'd the Tree: But, O, how fast  
How full of speed, canst thou imagine (when  
Our *Saviour* call'd) he powder'd downe agen!  
He ne'r made triall, if the boughes were sound,  
Or rotten; nor how far 'twas to the ground:  
There was no danger fear'd: At such a Call,  
Hee'l venture nothing, that dare feare a fall:  
Needs must he downe, by such a *Spirit* driven;  
Nor could he fall, unlesse he fell to *Heaven*:  
Downe came *Zacheus*, ravisht from the Tree;  
Bird that was shot, ne'r dropt so quick as he.

67.

On the Thiefe and Slanderer.

THE *Thiefe* and *Sland'rer* are almost the same;  
T'one steales my *goods*; the tother, my *good name*:  
T'one lives in *scorne*; the other dies in *shame*.

G

How

68.

*On Abrams pleading for Sodom.*

**H**Ow loth was righteous *Abraham* to cease,  
 To beat the price of lustfull *Sodoms* peace!  
 Marke how his holy boldnesse intercepts  
 Gods *Iustice*; Brings his *Mercy* downe, by steps:  
 He dare not bid so few as *Ten*, at first;  
 Nor yet from *Fifty* righteous persons, durst  
 His Zeale, on sudden, make too great a fall,  
 Although he wisht salvation to them all.  
 Great God: Thy dying *Son* has pow'r to cleare  
 A world of sinnes, that one shall not appeare  
 Before thine angry eyes: What wonder then,  
 To see thee fall, from *Fifty* downe to *Ten*!

69.

*On Mans goodnesse.*

**T**Hy hand, great God, created all things good;  
 But Man rebell'd, and in defiance stood  
 Against his owne *Creation*, and did staine,  
 Nay lost that goodnesse which the Beasts retaine;  
 What hap ha's Man, poore Man, above the rest,  
 That hath lesse goodnesse left him, then a *Beast*!

70.

*On Zacheus.*

**S**hort legg'd *Zacheus*, 'Twas the happiest Tree  
 That ever mortall climb'd, I meane, to Thee:

Thy

Thy paines in going up, receiv'd the Crowne  
 Of all thy labour, at thy comming downe :  
 Thy Statues lownesse gave thee faire occasion  
 To mount that *Tree* ; that *Tree*, to find *Salvation* :  
 But was't the *Tree*, *Zacheus* ? No, 'twas *Hee*,  
 Whose bleeding Body dy'd upon the *Tree*.

71.

*On the Roman, Turke, and Atheist.*

**T**He *Roman* worships God upon the wall ;  
 The *Turke*, a false God ; Th' *Atheist*, none at all.

72.

*On Babels Building.*

**G**reat God, no sooner borne, but we begin  
*Babels* accurs'd Foundation, by our *Sin* :  
 Our *thoughts*, our *words*, our *deeds* are ever yeelding  
 The sad *materials* of our sinfull Building :  
 Should not thy *Grace* prevent it, it would even  
 Rise, and rise up, untill it reach'd to heaven :  
 Lord, ere our *Building* shall begin to shew,  
 Confound our *Language*, and our *Building* too.

73.

*On the Theife and the Lyer.*

**T**He *Lyer* and the *Theife* have one Vocation ;  
 Their difference is but only in their *Fashion* :  
 They both deceive ; but diversly proceed ;  
 The first deceives by *Word* ; the last, by *Deed*.

## 74.

*On the Egyptians Famine.*

**M**Arke but the course the pin'd *Egyptians* run:  
 When all their *coyn*, when all their *corn* is done:  
 They come to *Ioseph*, and their *stomacks* plead;  
 They chāge their *beasts* for *corn*, their *flocks* for *bread*,  
 Yet still they want: Observe what now they doo;  
 They give their *Lands*, and yeeld their *Bodies* too:  
 Now they have *Corne* enough; and now, they shall  
 Have *seed* to sow their barren soyle withall;  
 Provided that the fist of their encrease  
 Be *Pharoe's*: Now their *stomacks* are at peace:  
 Thus when the *Famine* of the Word shall strike  
 Our hungry *Soules*; our *Soules* must doe the like:  
 We first must part with, (as by their directions)  
 Our *Flocks*, our *Beasts*, our *Bestiall Affections*;  
 When they are gone, what then must *Sinners* doe?  
 Give up their *Lands*, their *Soules*, and *Bodies* too:  
 O, then our hearts shall be refresh't and fed,  
 Wee shall have *seed* to sowe, and present *Bread*:  
 Allowing but the fist of our encrease,  
 Wee shall have plenty, and our *sonles* have peace:  
 How art thou pleas'd, *good God*, that *Man* should live!  
 How slow art thou to take! how free to give!

## 75.

*On Zacheus.*

**W**Ell climb'd, *Zacheus*; 'Twas a step well giv'n;  
 Frō hence toth' *Tree*; & frō the *Tree* to *Heaven*!

76.

*On the Plough-man.*

**I** Heare the whistling *Plough-man*, all day long,  
Sweetning his labour with a chearefull song :  
His Bed's a Pad of *Straw* ; His dyer, course ;  
In both, he fares not better then his *Horse* :  
He seldome slakes his thirst, but from the *Pumpe*,  
And yet his heart is blithe ; his visage, plump ;  
His thoughts are nere acquainted with such things,  
As *Griefes* or *Fears* ; He only sweats, and sings :  
When as the Landed *Lord*, that cannot dine  
Without a *Qualme*, if not refresh'd with *Wine* ;  
That cannot judge that controverted case,  
'Twixt meat & mouth, without the *Bribe* of Sauce ;  
That claimes the service of the purest linnen,  
To pamper and to shroud his dainty skin in,  
Groanes out his dayes, in lab'ring to appease  
The rage of either *Buisnes*, or *Disease* :  
Alas, his silken *Robes*, his costly *Diet*  
Can lend a lirtle pleasure, but no *Quiet* :  
The untold summes of his descended wealth  
Can give his Body plenty, but not *Health* :  
The one, in Paynes, and want, possesses all ;  
T'other, in Plenty, findes no peace at all ;  
'Tis strange ! And yet the cause is easily knowne ;  
T'one's at *Gods* finding ; t'other, at his owne.

77.

*On a happy Kingdome.*

**T**Hat Kingdome, and none other, happy is,  
Where *Moses*, and his *Aaron* meet, and kisse.

78.

*On Gods appearance to Moses.*

**G**Od first appear'd to *Moses*, in the *Myre*;  
The next time he appear'd, h'appear'd in *Fire*;  
The third time, he was knowne to *Moses* eye  
Upon mount *Sinai*, cloath'd in *Majestie*.  
Thrice God appeares to Man : first, wallowing in  
His foule pollution, and base *Myre* of Sin;  
And like to *Pharoes* daughter does bemone  
Our helpelesse State, and drawes us, for his owne :  
The next time, he appeares in *Fire*, whose bright  
And gentle flames consume not, but give light;  
It is the *Fire of Grace*; where man is bound  
To d'off his *Shoes*, because 'tis *holy ground* :  
The last apparance shall be in that *Mount*,  
Where ev'ry Soule shall render an Account  
Of good or *evill*; where all things *Transitory*  
Shall cease; & *Grace* be crown'd with perfect *Glory*.

Thy



79.

*On Gods Law.*

Thy Sacred *Law*, O God,  
Is like to *MOSES Rod*:  
If wee but keepe it in our hand,  
It will doe Wonders in the Land;  
If we sleight and throw it to the Ground;  
'Twill turne a *Serpent*, and inflict a Wound;  
A *Wound* that Fleſh and Blood cannot endure,  
Nor ſalve, untill the *Brazen Serpent* cure:  
I wiſh not, *Lord*, thou ſhouldeſt *withhold it*;  
Nor would I *have it*, and not *hold it*:  
O teach mee then, my God,  
To handle *MOSES Rod*.

80.

*On Pharoe's bricke.*

O Ur God's not like to *Pharoh*; to require  
His tale of *Bricke*, and give no *Straw* for Fire:  
His workemen wanted *ſtraw*, and yet were laſht,  
For not performance: We have *ſtraw unthraſht*,  
Yet we are idle, and we winch, and kicke  
Againſt our Burthens, and returne no *Bricke*:  
We ſpend our *Straw*, for *Litter* in the Stable,  
And then we cry; Alas! *We are not able*;  
Thinke not on *Iſraels ſufferings*, in that day,  
When thy offended Juſtice ſhall repay  
Our labour; Lord, when thou upheav'ſt thy *Rod*;  
Thinke, *Pharoh* was a *Tyrant*; Thou, a *God*.

This

81.

*On the insatiablenesse of Mans heart.*

**T**His *Globe* of earth ha's not the pow'r to fill  
 The *Heart* of Man, but it desires still:  
 By him that seekes, the Cause is easly found;  
 The *Heart's Triangular*; The *Earth is Round*;  
 He may be full; but, never to the brim  
 Be fill'd with Earth, till earth be fill'd with him.

82.

*On Pharoe's hard-heartednesse.*

**P**LAGUES after *Plagues*? And yet not *Pharoh* yeeld  
 T'enlarge poore *Israel*? Was thy heart so steel'd,  
 Rebellious Tyrant, that it dare withstand  
 The oft repeated *Judgements* of Heav'ns hand?  
 Could neither *Mercies* oyle, nor *Judgements* thunder  
 Dissolve, nor breake thy flinty heart in sunder?  
 No, no, what *Sun beames* soften not, they harden;  
 Purpos'd *Rebellions* are asleepe to Pardon.

83.

*On the change of Pharoe's fortune.*

**O**Bserve what peace great *Pharo's* kingdom found  
 while *Ioseph* liv'd; what *prosperous blessings* croud  
 His happy dayes! Heav'ns plague-inflicting hand  
 Was then a stranger to his peacefull Land:  
 Peace was entrayl'd upon his Royall Throne;  
 His Land had *Plenty*, when the World had none;

His

His full *desiers* over-flow'd their Brim,  
*Favours* came downe unask't, unsought by him:  
His *Scepter* flourish'd, from a God unknowne,  
No need to trouble any of his owne:  
While *Ioseph* liv'd, his *Blessings* had no end,  
That God was his, whil'st he was *Iosephs* Friend:  
*These temp'rall Blessings* heav'n doth, often, share  
*Vnto the wicked, at the good-mans Prayer:*  
But *Ioseph* dies: And *Iosephs* Sons must fall  
Beneath their Burthens, and be scourg'd withall;  
Whil'st Tyrant *Pharoh's* more severer hand  
Keeps them laborious *Pris'ners* in his Land:  
*God oft permits his Children to be hurld*  
*Into distresse, to weane them from the world:*  
But *Pharohs* Blessings alter with his Brow;  
The budding *Scepter's* turn'd a *serpent* now:  
His Land must groan; her *plagues* must still encrease,  
Till *Iacobs* Off-spring shall find *Iacobs* peace;  
*Gods children are the Apples of his Eye,*  
*Whose touch is death, if being toucht, they cry:*  
Now Tyrant *Pharoh* dares no longer chuse,  
*Israel* must goe: *Pharoh* repents, pursues;  
*Pharoh* wants *Brick*; *Pharoh*, ere long, I feare,  
Will find the purchase of his *Brick* too deare:  
*Moses* holds forth his *Rod*: The *Seas* divide;  
The *Waves* are turn'd to *Walls* on either side:  
They passe secure; *Pharoh* pursues them still:  
*God leaves his children to the brunt of ill:*  
The *Chariot-Wheelles* fly off, the *Harnesse* cracks;  
One wants a *Naile*; the next, a *Hammer* lacks:  
*How Man is cross'd and puzzel'd in that Plot,*  
*Where Heav'n denies successe, and prospers not!*

H

*Moses*

*Moses* holds forth his *Rod*: The *Easterne* wind  
 Calls back the *Tydes*: The parted *Waters* joynd,  
 And overwhelm'd great *Pharo* and *Pharoes Host*;  
 None escap'd to tell the news: All drown'd, and lost:  
 Thus thrives Rebellion: *Plagues*, not doing good,  
 Oft-times conclude their *Ceremonie*, in Blood:  
 Thus hardned hearts grow more and more obdure;  
 And Heav'n cuts off, when Earth is most secure.

84.

*On the First-borne.*

**T**He *First-borne* of th'*Egyptians* all were slaine,  
 From him that holds the *Scepter* to the *Swaine*:  
 But all that are *First-borne* in *Israel*, be  
 Accepted, Lord, and sanctified to Thee:  
 Thy lookes are alwayes turn'd upon the Prime  
 Of all our *Actions*, *Words*, our *Thoughts*, our *Time*;  
 Thy pleas'd Eye is fixt upon the *First*;  
 And from the *Womb* w'are thine, or else accurst.

85.

*On baptized Infants.*

**I** Dare not judge those Judgements, ill advis'd,  
 That hold such *Infants* sav'd, as die, baptiz'd:  
 What hinders Life? *Originall* hath bin  
 New washt away; There's yet, no *Actuall sin*:  
 Death is th'Effect of *sin*: The Cause being gon,  
 What ground is left for Death to worke upon?  
 I know not: But of *Israels* sons 'tis found,  
*Moses* was sav'd; I read that none was drown'd.

No

86.

*On the grumbling Israelites.*

**N**O sooner out, but grumble? Is the *Brick*  
So soone forgotten? 'Tis a common trick :  
Serve God in Plenty? Egypt can doe thus ;  
No thanks to serve our God, when God serves us :  
*Some sullen Curres, when they perceive a Bone,*  
*Will wagg their Tayles and faune ; But snarle, if none.*

87.

*On Mans Rebellion.*

**O**, How perverse is *Flesh and Blood* ! in whom  
Rebellion blossomes from the very Wombe !  
What Heav'n commands, how lame we are to do !  
And things forbid how soone perswaded to !  
We never read rebellious *Israel* did  
Bow to strange Gods, till *Israel* was forbid.

88.

*On Israel.*

**H**Ad *Israel*, in her want, beene truly humbled,  
*Isr'el* had pray'd, & gron'd to heav'n; not grumbled:  
But *Isr'el* wanted food. *Isr'els* complaint  
Could not be fervent, *Isr'el* being faint :  
*Isr'el* gets food : Now *Isr'el* is so full,  
That her Devotion, and her Zeale is dull :  
Lord when art thou in season? When's the time,  
To doe thee service? When's our Zeale in prime?

H 2

Tis

'Tis alwayes either not full ripe or waſting :  
We can not ſerve our God nor *Full* nor *Faſting*.

89.

*On the Sinners Refuge.*

**H**E that ſhall ſhed, with a preſumptuous hand,  
The blood of *Man* ; muſt, by thy juſt command  
Be put to death : The *Murtherer* muſt dye ;  
Thy Law denies him refuge where to flye :  
Great God our hands have ſlaine a *man* ; nay further,  
They have committed a preſumptuous murder,  
Upon a guiltleſſe *Man* ; Nay, what is worſe,  
They have betraid our *Brother* to the Curſe  
Of a reproachfull *death* ; Nay, what exceeds,  
It is our *Lord*, our dying *Saviour* bleeds :  
Nay more ; It is thy *Son* ; thy *only Son* ;  
All this have we, all this our hands have done :  
On what deare *Objects* ſhall we turne our eye ?  
Looke to the *Law* ? O, by the *Law*, we dye.  
Is there no *Refuge*, Lord ? No place that ſhall  
Secure our Soules from *Death* ? Ah, none at all :  
What ſhall poore *Mortals* do ; thy Lawes are juſt,  
And moſt irrevocable : Shall we truſt  
Or flye to our owne *Merits*, and be freed  
By our good *Works* ? I ; there were helpe indeed !  
Is there no *Citie* for a Soule to flye,  
And ſave it ſelfe : Muſt we reſolve to dye ?  
O Infinite ! O not to be expreſt !  
Nay, not to be conceived by the breaſt  
Of *Men* or *Angels* ! O transcendent *Love* !  
Incomprehenſible ! as farre above

The

The reach of *Man*, as mans deserts are under  
 The sacred Benefit of so blest a *Wonder* !  
 That very *Blood* our sinfull hands have shed,  
 Cryes loud for *Mercy*, and those *Wounds* do plead  
 For those that made them : he that pleades, forgives;  
 And is both *God* and *Man* ; both dead, and lives ;  
 He, whom we murther'd, is become our *Guarden* ;  
 Hee's *Man*, to suffer ; and hee's *God* to pardon :  
 Here's our *Protection* ; Here, our *Refuge City*,  
 Whose living springs runne *Piety* and *Pitty* :  
 Goe then, my *Soule*, and passe the common Bounds  
 Of *Passion*, Goe, and kneele before his *Wounds* ;  
 Go touch them with thy lips : thou needst not feare;  
 They will not bleed afresh, though *Thou* be there :  
 But if they doe, that very *Blood*, thou spilt,  
 Beleev't, will plead thy *Pardon*, not thy *Guilt*.

90.

## On the deposing of Princes.

**I** Know not by what vertue *Rome* deposes  
 A Christian *Prince* : Did *Aaron* command *Moses* ?  
 If sacred Scriptures mention such a thing,  
 Sure *Rome* has colour to depose a *King*.

91.

## On PETERS Keyes.

**T**He pow'r of *Peter* does all pow'r excell ;  
 He opens Heav'n ; He shuts the *Doores* of Hell :  
 The *Keyes* are his ; In what a case were they,  
 Should *Peters* Successours mistake the *Key* ?

H 3

Are

92.

*On Offerings.*

**A**Re all such *offerings*, as are crush'd, and bruise'd,  
 Forbid thy *Altar*? May they not be us'd?  
 And must all *broken things* be set apart?  
 No, Lord: Thou wilt accept a *Broken Heart*.

93.

*On Vsurers.*

**O**F all men, *Vsurers* are not least accurst;  
 They rob the *Spittle*, pinch th' Afflicted worst.  
 In others griefe they'r most delighted in;  
 Whil'st *Givers* suffer for the *Takers* sin:  
 O how unjust a *Trade* of life is that,  
 Which makes the *Lab'ers* leane; and th' idle fat!

94.

*On Repentance.*

**C**Anst thou recover thy consumed *Flesh*,  
 From the well-feasted *Wormes*? Or put on fresh?  
 Canst thou redeeme thy *Ashes* from the dead?  
 Or quit thy *Carkas* from her *sheat* of *Lead*?  
 Canst thou awaken thy earth-closed *eyes*?  
 Unlock thy *Marble Monument*, and rise?  
 All this thou may'st performe, with as great ease,  
 As to *Repent* thee, mortall, when thou please:  
 It is thy *Grave*, not *Bed* that thou art in:  
 Th'art not *asleepe*, but thou art *dead* in Sin.

*Nature*



95.

*On Wine and Water.*<sup>1</sup>

**N**ature and Grace, who ever tasted both,  
Differ as much, as *Wine* and *Water* doth :  
*This* clenfes, (if not groſſly ſtayn'd with ſin)  
The outward *Man* : but ſcowers not, within :  
*That* cheares the heart, & makes the Courage bold,  
Quickens and warms dead *ſpirits* that are cold :  
It fires the *Blood*, and makes the ſoule *divine* :  
O that my *Water*, Lord, were turn'd to *Wine* !

96.

*On Balaams Aſſe.*

**T**He *Aſſe*, that for her ſlowneſſe, was forbid  
To be imployed in Gods ſervice, did  
Performe good ſervice now, in being ſlow :  
The *Aſſe* received ſtripes, but would not goe :  
She baulk'd the way, and *Balaam* could not guid her :  
The *Aſſe* had farre more wiſedome then the *Rider* :  
The *Message* being bad, the *Aſſe* was loth  
To be the *Bearer* : 'Twas a happy ſloth ;  
'Twas well for *Balaam* : Had his *Aſſe* but tryde  
Another ſtep, *Balaam* had ſurely dy'd :  
Poore *Aſſe* ! And was thy faithfull ſervice payd  
With oft-repeated ſtrokes ? Hadſt thou obeyd,  
Thy Lord had bought thy travell, with his blood ;  
*Such is Mans payment, often, bad for good* :  
The *Aſſe* begins to queſtion with his *Maſter*,  
Argues the caſe, pleads why he went no faſter :

Nay,

Nay, shewes him *Myst'ries*, farr beyond his reach;  
*Sure*, God wants *Prophets*, when dull *Asses* preach:  
 The *Ass* perceives the *Angel*, and fells downe;  
 When *Balaam* sees him nor; or sees, unknowne:  
 Nor is't a wonder: for Gods *Spirit* did passe  
 From blindfold *Balaam*, into *Balaams Ass*.

97.

On some raw Divines.

SOME raw *Divines*, no sooner are *Espons'd*  
 To their first *Wives*, and in the *Temple* hous'd,  
 But straight the *Peace* is broke: They now begin  
 T'appoint the *Field*, to fight their *Battailes* in:  
*School-men* must war with *School-men*; text with text:  
 The first's the *Chaldee's Paraphrase*; the next  
 The *Septuagints*: *Opinion* thwarts *Opinion*;  
 The *Papist* holds the first; The last, th' *Arminian*;  
 And then the *Councils* must be call'd t'advice,  
 What this of *Lateran* sayes; what that of *Nice*:  
 And here the point must be a new disputed;  
*Arrius* is false; and *Bellarmino's* confuted:  
 Thus with the sharpe *Artill'ry* of their Wit,  
 They shoot at random, carelesse where they hit:  
 The slightly studied *Fathers* must be prayd  
 Although on small acquaintance, in to ayd,  
 Whose glorious *Varnish* must impose a glosse  
 Upon their *Paint*, whose gold must gild their drosse:  
 Now *Martin Luther* must be purg'd by them,  
 From all his *Errors*, like a *School-boyes Theam*;  
*Free-will's* disputed, *Consubstantiation*;  
 And the deepe Ocean of *Predestination*,

Where

Where, daring venter, oft, too farre into't,  
 They, *Pharo* like, are drownd both *Horse* and *Foot* :  
 Forgetting that the Sacred *Law* enjoynes  
*New-married men* to sit beneath their *Vines*,  
 And cheare their *Wives* : They must not venter out  
 To *Warre*, untill the Yeare be run about.

98.

*On buying of the Bible.*

**T**Is but a folly to rejoyce, or boast,  
 How small a *price*, thy wel-bought *Pen's worth* cost:  
 Untill thy death, thou shalt not fully know  
 Whether thy *Purchase* be good cheape, or no ;  
 And at that day, beleev't, it will appeare,  
 If not extreamely *cheape*, extreamely *deare*.

99.

*On the buying of the New Testament.*

**R**Eader, If thou wilt prove no more  
 Then what I terme thee, ev'n before  
 Thou aske the *price*, turne backe thine eye ;  
 If otherwise, unclaspe, and buy :  
 Know then, the *Price* of what thou buy'st  
 Is the deare Blood of *Iesus Christ* ;  
 Which *Price* is over-deare to none,  
 That dares protect it with his owne :  
 If thou stand guilty of the *price*,  
 Ev'n save thy purf. strings, and be wise ;  
 Thy money will but, in conclusion,  
 Make purchase of thy owne *Confusion* :

I

But

But if that guilt be done away,  
Thou mayst as safely buy, as pay.

100.

## To my BOOKE.

**M**Y Little Pinnacle, strike thy Sayles,  
Let slip thy Anchor: The Winde failes:  
And Sea-men oft, in Calmes doe feare  
That foule, and boystrous weather's neare;  
If a robustious Storme should rise  
And bluster from Censorious Eyes,  
Alibough the swelling Waves be rough,  
And proud, thy Harbour's safe enough:  
Rest, Rest a while, till ebbing Tides  
Shall make thee stanch and breme thy sides;  
When Windes shall serve, hoist up thy Sayle,  
And fly before a propp'rous Gale;  
That all the Coasters may resort,  
And bid thee welcome to thy PORT.

The end of the first Booke.



DIVINE  
FANCIES.

The second Booke.

I.

*To Almighty GOD.*



ORD, Thou requir'st the first  
 of all our *Time*,  
 The first of all *Actions*, and  
 the prime  
 Of all our *Thoughts*; And, *Lord*, good reason, we,  
 When thou giv'st all, should give the *First* to Thee:  
 But O, we often rob thee of thy due,  
 Like *Elies* Children, whom thy vengeance slue:

I 2

We

We pinch thy *offring* to enlarge our *Fee*;  
 We keepe the *Fat*, and carve the *Leane* to thee:  
 We thrust our three-tooth'd *Flesh-hooke* in thy *Pot*,  
 That only, what the *Flesh-hooke* taketh not,  
 We share to thee: Lord, we are still deceiving;  
 We take the *Prime*, and feed thee with our *leaving*:  
 Our Sluttrish *Bowles* are cream'd with soile and filth,  
 Our Wheat is full of *Chaffe*; of *Tares*, our Tilt:  
 Lord, what in *Flesh* and *Blood* can there be had,  
 That's worth the having, when the best is bad,  
 Here's nothing *good*, unlesse thou please to make it;  
 O, then, if ought be worth the taking, take it.

## 2.

## On Gods Dyet.

**D**EARE Lord; when wee approach thy sacred *Fire*,  
 To burne our *Sacrifice*, thou do'st require  
 The *Heads* of ev'ry Beast that dyes; the *Hearts*;  
 Th'enclosed *Fat*; and all the *Inward parts*:  
 Our *Senses* and our *Memories* must be,  
 All set apart and sanctifi'd to Thee;  
 The strength of our *Desires*, the best perfections  
 Of our imperfect *Wills*, the choyce Affections  
 Of our refined *hearts* must all conjoyne  
 To seeke thy *Glory*: They must all be thine:  
 I know thy *Dyet*, Lord; Of all the rest,  
 Thou do'st affect the *Head and Purtnance*, best.

We

3.

## On Moses Birth and Death.

WE read ; no sooner new-borne *Moses* crept  
Into this vale of *Tears*, but th' Infant wept ;  
But, being warned of his *Death*, his *Last*,  
We find it storied, that he sung as fast :  
These sev'rall Passions found their reason, why ;  
He dy'd to *live*, but he was borne to *dye* :  
To whom this *Transitory* life shall bring  
Just cause to *weepe* ; there, *Death* gives cause to *sing*.

4.

## On Jephtha's Vow.

VICTORIOUS *Jephtha*, could thy Zeale allow  
No other way, then by a rash made *Vow*,  
T'expresse thy *Thanks* ? A *Vow*, whose undertaking  
Was ev'n a Sin more odious, then the making :  
'Twas cruell *Piety* that taught thee how  
To paddle in thy *Daughters* Blood : But thou,  
Unlucky *Virgin* ! was there none to be  
Betwixt thy Fathers mortall *Brow*, and *Thee* ?  
Why cam'st thou forth, sweet *Virgin* ? To what end  
Mad'st thou such needlesse hast ? Thou cam'st, to lend  
Thy filiall *Triumph* to thy Fathers *Wreath* ;  
Thou thought'st to meet a *Blessing*, and not *Death* :  
Rash *Jephtha* ! may not thy repentance quit  
That *Vow*, when Rashnesse was the Cause of it ?  
O canst thou not dispence with that, wherein  
Thy strict Religion's a presumptuous *Sin* ?

Is she unhappy, or thou cruell rather?  
 Unhappy *Child*, and too too cruell *Father*.

5.

On *Jesus* and *Sampson*.

**A**N *Angel* did to *Manoahs* wife appeare, (beare:  
 And brought the news her barren *Womb* should  
 Did not another *Angel*, if not Hee,  
 Thrice blessed *Virgin*, bring the same to thee?  
 The Wife of *Manoah* (nine moneths being run)  
 Her Heav'n saluted *womb* brought forth a *Son*:  
 To thee, sweet *Virgin*, full of Grace and Heaven,  
 A *Child* was borne, to us a *Son* was given:  
 The name of hers was *Sampson*, borne to fight  
 For captiv'd *Israel*, and a *Nazarite*:  
 Thine was a *Naz'rite* too, and borne to ease us  
 From *Sathans* burthens, and his name is *Jesus*:  
*Sampson* espous'd, and tooke in Marriage her  
 That was the child of an *Idolater*;  
 Our *Jesus* tooke a wife, that bow'd the knee  
 And worshipt unknowne *gods*, as well as shee:  
 Assaulted *Sampson* met, and had to doe  
 With a fierce *Lyon*; foyld, and slue him too:  
 Our conquering *Jesus* purchas'd higher fame;  
 His arme encountred *Death*, and overcame:  
 Victorious *Sampson* stept aside, and drew  
 Pure *Honey* from the Carcasse that he slew;  
 When our triumphing *Jesus* sought, and found  
 A greater *sweetnesse* in his *Lions* wound.  
 Uxorious *Sampson* pleases to divide  
 His purchas'd *Honey*. to his fairest *Bride*:

But



But what ! Is *Sampson* singular in this ?  
Did not our *Iesus* doe the like to *his* ?  
*Sampson* propounds a *Riddle*, and does hide  
The folded Mystr'y in his faithlesse Bride :  
Our blessed *Iesus* propounds *Riddles* too,  
Too hard for Man, his Bride unsought, t'undoe :  
The *Bride* forsakes her *Sampson* ; do's betroth her  
To a new *Love*, and falsly weds another :  
And did not the adultr'ous *Iewes* forgoe  
Their first Love *Iesus*, and forsake him too ?  
Displeased *Sampson* had the choice to wed  
The *younger sister* in the *Elders* stead :  
Displeased *Iesus* had espous'd the *Younger* ;  
God send her fairer ; and affections stronger :  
*Sampson* sent *Foxes* on his fiery errant,  
Among their *corne*, & made their *crimes* his warrant ;  
Offended *Iesus* shewes as able signes  
Of wrath : His *Foxes* have destroyed their *Vines* :  
Our *Sampsons* love to *Delilah* was such,  
That for her sake poore *Sampson* suffer'd much :  
Our *Iesus* had his *Delilah* : For her  
His Soule became so great a sufferer.  
*Sampson* was subject to their *scorne* and *shame* :  
And was not *Iesus* even the very same ?  
*Sampson's* betrayed to the *Philistians* hands,  
Was bound a while, but quickly brake his bands :  
*Iesus* the first, and second day, could be  
The *graves* close pris'ner ; but, the third was free :  
In this they differ'd ; *Iesus* dying Breath,  
Cry'd out for *Life* ; but *Sampsons* cald for *Death* :  
*Father* forgive them ; did our *Iesus* crie ;  
But *Sampson*, Let me be reveng'd and die :

Since

Since then, *sweet Saviour*, tis thy *Death* must ease us,  
We flye from *Sampson*, and appeale to *Iesus*.

6.

*On Elies double censure.*

**W**Hen barren *Hanna*, prostrate on the Floore,  
In heat of Zeale and passion, did implore  
Redresse from Heav'n, censorious *Ely* thought  
She had been drunk, and checkt her for her fault;  
Rough was his *Censure*, and his *Cheek*, austere;  
*Where mildnesse should be us'd, w'are oft severe.*  
But when his lustfull Sonnes, that could abuse  
The *House* of God, making her *Porch* their *flues*,  
Appear'd before him, his indulgent tongue  
Compounded rather then rebuk'd the wrong;  
He dare not shoot, for feare he wound his *Childe*;  
*Where we should be severe, w'are oft too milde:*  
Unequall *Ely*? was thy *sentence* just,  
To censure *Zeale*, and not to punish *Lust*?  
Could thy Parentall mildnesse but have past  
The former by as easly, as the last,  
Or had the last, by just proportion, bin  
Rated but like the first supposed sin,  
Perchance thy aged head had found encrease  
Of some few dayes, and gone to sleepe, in peace:  
*Passions misplac'd are dangerous*: Let all  
Remember *Elies Faults*, with *Elies Fall*.

Haft

## 7.

*On the refining of Gold.*

**H**Ast thou observed how the curious hand  
 Of the *Refiner* seekes to understand  
 The inadult'rate purenesse of his *gold*?  
 He weighs it first, and after does infold  
 In *Lead*; and then, commits it to the *Fire*;  
 And, as the *lead* consumes, the *gold* drawes nigher  
 To his perfection, without wast or losse  
 Of his pure substance, but his weight, his drosse:  
 The Great *Refiner* of Mans baser *Heart*  
 Uses the like, nay shoves the selfe same *Art*;  
 He weighs it, first, and finding it too full  
 Of *Trash* and *Earth*, he wraps it in some dull  
 And leaden crosse, of *Punishment*, or *sin*;  
 Then, tries it in Afflictions *Fire*; wherein,  
 The *Lead* and *Drosse* evaporate together,  
 And leaves the *Heart* refin'd, and quit of either:  
 Thus though Mans *Heart* be lessen'd by the *Crosse*,  
 And lighter; 'Tis but lighter by the *Drosse*.

## 8.

*On Dagon and the Ark.*

**W**Hat news with *Dagon*? Is thy Shrine so hot,  
 Thou canst not keepe it? Or has *Dagon* got  
 The falling sicknesse, that his *Godship's* found  
 On such a posture, prostrate on the ground?

K

Poore

Poore helpless *God*! But stay! Is *Dagon* growne  
So weake ith' hamms: Nor stand, nor rise, alone?  
A *God*, and cannot rise? 'Tis very odd!  
He must have help, or lye: A proper *God*!  
Well, *Dagon* must requier help of hands;  
Up *Dagon* goes the second time, and stands  
As confident as though his place had bin  
His owne, in *Fee*: Downe *Dagon* falls agin:  
But *Dagon's* shrewdly martyr'd with the jumpe,  
Lost hands and Head, and nothing left but *stumpe*:  
Sure, all's not well with *Dagon*, now a late;  
Hee's either sicke, or much forgot the State,  
Belonging to so great a *God*: Has none  
Offer'd some stinking *Sacrifice*, or blowne  
Some nauseous fume into his sacred *Nose*,  
And made his *god ship* dizzie? Or who knowes,  
Perchance h'as taken Petr, and will resigne  
His sullen place, and quitt his empty Shrine:  
No wonder, a false *god* should stoope, and lye  
Upon the floore when as a true *God's* by:  
It was unlikely *Dagon* should forbear  
Respite of *Homage*, when the *Ark* was there:  
If I would worship a false *god* at all,  
It should be one that would not scorne to fall  
Before his *Betters*: whose indiffrent arme,  
If it could doe no good, could doe no harme;  
I'd rather choose to bend my idle knee,  
Of all false *gods*, to such a *God* as Hee,  
Whose spirit's not too quick: The fabulous *frogg*  
Found greater danger in the storke, then *Logg*:  
And to conclude, I'd choose him, *Dagon* like,  
Not having *Head*, to plot; nor *Hand*, to strike.

Sure

## 9.

## On Saul and David.

SURE, *Saul* as little look'd to be a *King*,  
As I: and *David* dreamd of such a thing,  
As much as he; when both alike did keepe,  
The one his Fathers *Asses*; t'other, *sheepe*:  
*Saul* must forfake his *Whip*: And *David* flings  
His *Crook* aside; And they must both be *Kings*:  
*Saul* had no *sword*; and *David*, then, no *speare*,  
There was none *Conquer'd*, nor no *Conqueror* there;  
There was no *sweat*; There was no *blood*, to shed;  
The unsought *Crowne* besought the *wearers* head;  
There was no *stratagem*; No *Opposition*;  
No taking parts; No jealous *Competition*:  
There needs no *Art*; There needs no *sword* to bring,  
And place the *Crown*, where *God* appoints the *King*.

## 10.

## On David and Goliath.

SATHAN's the great *Goliath*, that so boasts  
And threats our *Israel*, and defies her *Hosts*:  
Those smother *stones* courageous *David* tooke  
From the soft bosome of the silver Brooke,  
Are *scriptum ests*: The *sling* that gives them flight,  
Is *Faith*; That makes them flie, and flie aright:  
Lord, lend me *David's sling*, and then I know,  
I shall have *David's strength* and *courage* too:  
Give me but skill to pick such *stones* as these,  
And I will meet *Goliath* when he please.

## II.

## On Sauls Witch.

**W**Hen Saul receiv'd no answer down frō heav'n,  
 How quickly was his jealous passion driv'n  
 A desp'rate Course! He needs must cure the Itch  
 Of his extreame desires, by a Witch:  
*When wee have lost our way to God, how lewell,*  
*How easie to be found's the way toth' Divell.*

## 12.

## On the necessity of Gods presence.

**W**Hen thou wert present with thy strengthening  
*Saul* prophesied, and fought: (Grace,  
 But when, Great God, thou didst with-draw thy face,  
*Murther* was in his thought:  
 Thus, as thou giv'st, or tak'st away thy hand,  
 We either fall, or stand.

## 13.

## Davids Epitaph on Jonathan.

**H**ere lyes the fairest Flowre, that stood  
 In Isr'l's Garden; now, in Blood;  
 Which Death to make her Garland gay,  
 Hath cropt, against her Triumph Day:  
 Here, here lies Hee, whose Actions pen'd  
 The perfect Copie of a Friend:

*Whose*

*Whose milke-white Vellam did incurre  
No least suspicion of a Blurre :  
Here lyes th'example of a Brother ;  
Not to be follow'd by another ;  
The faire indented Counter-part  
Of Davids Joy, of Davids Heart :  
Rest them ; For ever, rest alone ;  
Thy Ashes can be touch'd by none,  
Till Death hath pickt out such another :  
Here lyes a Flow'r, a Friend, a Brother :*

## 14.

*On Gods Word.*

**G**ods sacred *Word* is like the *Lampe* of Day,  
Which softens *wax*, but makes obdure the *clay* ;  
It either melts the *Heart*, or more obdures ;  
It never falls in vaine ; It wounds, or cures :  
Lord, make my brest thy *Hive*, and then I know,  
Thy *Bees* will bring in *Wax* and *Honey* too.

## 15.

*On Man.*

**B**Y Nature, Lord, men worse then *Nothing* be ;  
And lesse then *Nothing*, if compar'd with *Thee* ;  
If lesse and worse then *Nothing*, tell me than,  
Where is that *Something*, thou so boasts, proud *Man* ?

16.

## On Ahaz Dyall.

**M**Ans Heart's like *Ahaz Dyall*; If it flees  
Not forward; it goes backward ten *Degrees*.

17.

## On Lust.

**L**ust is an *Ignis fatuus*, that arises (prizes,  
From the base *Earth*, that playes her wanton  
In solitary *Hearts*, and ever haunts  
*Dark places*, whose deceitfull flame inchaunts  
The wandering steps of the diverted *stranger*,  
Still tempting his mis-guided feet to danger:  
She never leaves, till by her faire delusion,  
Shee brings him headlong to his owne *confusion*.

18.

## On Thamar and Ammon.

**S**He must be lov'd; Then courted; and what more?  
Enjoy'd; then hated; then expeld the dore:  
*Ammon* must be discov'ed; must obtaine  
License to Feast; and then, be drunk; then slaine:  
O what Repose is had in sinfull *Breath*,  
Whose love, in *hate*; whose mirth concludes in *death*!

They'r



19.

## On Love and Lust.

(brother,

**T**hey'r wide, that take base Lust, for Loves halfe-  
 Yeelding two *Fathers*, but the selfe same *Mother*:  
*Lust* is a Monster, that's conceiv'd and bred  
 Of the abused *Will*, maintain'd, and fed  
 With *sensuall thoughts*; Of nature rude, uncivill;  
 Of life, robustious; and whose *Sire's* the Devill:  
 But *Love's* the Childe of *th' uncorrupted Will*,  
 Nourisht with *Vertue*, poys'ned with the *swill*  
 Of base respects; Of nature, sweet and milde;  
 In manners, gentle; easily knowne, whose *Childe*;  
 For, by the likenesse, ev'ry eye may gather,  
 That hee's the Off-spring of a Heav'nly *Father*:  
*This*, suffers all things; *That*, can suffer nothing;  
*This*, never ends; *That*, ever ends in loathing:  
*T'one* loves the *Darkenesse* most: The other, *Light*:  
 The last's the Childe of *Day*; The first, of *Night*;  
*The one* is meeke; *The other*, full of Fire;  
*This* never laggs; *That* ever apt to tire;  
*T'one's* rash and furious; *T'other* milde and sage;  
*That* dies with youth; whilst *This* survives with age;  
 The *One's* couragious; *T'other* full of feares;  
*That* seekes; *The other* baulks both eyes and eares:  
 In brieft, to know them both aright, and misse not;  
 In all respects, *t'one* is, what *t'other* is not:  
 So farre from *Brothers*, that they seeme disjoyn'd;  
 Not in *Condition* onely, but in *kinde*:  
 Admit a fallshood: that they had one *Mother*,  
 The best that *Lust* can claime's a *Baslard Brother*.

Great

Great God, must thou be conscious of that Name,  
Which jealous Mortals count the height of shame?  
And not thy Nuptiall *Bed* alone defil'd,  
But to be charged with the base-borne *Childe*?  
And yet not mov'd? and yet not move thy *Rod*?  
Hast thou not cause to be a *jealous God*?  
Can thy just *jealousies*, great God, be grounded  
On Mans disloyalty, not Man confounded?

20.

On a *Tinder-Box*.

**M**Y Soule is like to *Tinder*, whereinto  
The Devill strikes a *spark*, at ev'ry blow;  
My Heart's the *flint*; The *steel* Temptation is;  
And his *suggestions* hit, and never misse:  
His *hand* is sure; My *Tinder* apt to catch,  
Soone sets on fier ev'ry profer'd *Match*.

21.

On *Achitophel*.

**S**Age were thy *Connells*, and as well apply'd  
If thou hadst had but *Loyalty* on thy side:  
I like thy last *Designe*, (above the rest)  
When thou hadst set thy house in *order*, best;  
In all *Exploits*, the *Rule* is not so ample,  
Not halfe so beneficiall as th' *Example*:  
Th' Almighty prosper *Christian* Crownes; and blesse  
All such like *Connells*, with the like successe:  
Confound *Achitophel*: and, Lord, impart  
His *Head* to us; and to our Foes, his *Heart*.

*Unhappy*

## 22.

*On Sinne.*

*Unhappy Man ! Whose every breath*

*Is Sin : Whose every sin is death :*

**S**IN, first Originall ; Then our actuall *sin* : (in.  
Our *sins* that fall forth : Our *sins* that lurk with-  
Our wilfull *sins* ; and worlds of *sins*, by chance ;  
Our conscious *sins* ; our *sins* of darker Ignorance ;  
Our oft-repeated *sins* : *Sins* never reckon'd : (cond,  
Gainst the first Table *sins* : *Sins* done against the se-  
Our Pleading *sins* : Our *sins* without a cause :  
Our Gospel-*sins* ; rebellious *sins* against thy lawes :  
Our *sins* against our vowes ; fresh *sins* agin :  
*Sin* of infirmity ; and high presumptuous *sin* :  
Thus like our *Lines*, our Lives begin,  
Continue, and conclude in *sin* :

## 23.

*On the Sunne and starres.*

**O**Ur dying Saviour's like the setting *Sun* ;  
His Saints, on earth, are like the *stars of night* :  
Experience tells us, till the Sun be gon,  
The starres appeare not, and retaine no *light* :  
Till *Sun-set* we discern no starres at all,  
And Saints receive their Glory, in his *fall*.

24.

*On Absolon and Sampson.*

**S***ampson's* defect, and thy excess of *hayre*, (*ayre*;  
 Gave him his death, oth' ground; thee, thine ith'  
 His thoughts were too deprest; thine for'd too high;  
 As mortals live, so oftentimes, they die:

25.

*On Gods favour.*

**G**ods favour's like the *Sun*, whose *beams* appeare  
 To all that dwell in the worlds *Hemisphære*,  
 Though not to all alike: To some they expresse  
 Themselves more radiant, and to others, lesse:  
 To some, they rise more early; and they fall  
 More late to others, giving *day* to all: (pure  
 Some soyle's more grosse, and breathing more im-  
 And earthy *vapours* forth, whose fogs obscure  
 The darkned *Medium* of the moister aire;  
 Whilst other Soiles, more perfect, yeeld more rare  
 And purer *Fumes*; wherby, those *Beames* appeare,  
 To some, lesse glorious; and to some, more cleare:  
 It would be ever *Day*; *Day*, alwayes bright;  
 Did not our interposed *Earth* make night:  
 The *Sun* shines alwayes strenuous and faire,  
 But, ah, our sins, our *Clouds* benight the aire:  
 Lord, draine the *Fenns* of this my Boggy soule,  
 Whose grosser *vapours* make my day so foule;  
 Thy *Son* hath strength enough to chase away  
 These rising *Foggs*, and make a glorious *Day*:

Rise

Rise, and shine alwayes cleare ; but most of all,  
Let me behold thy glory, in thy *Fall* ;  
That being set, poore I (my flesh being hurld  
From this) may meet thee, in another *World*.

26.

*On a spirituell Fever.*

**M**Y soule hath had a *Fever*, a long while ;  
O, I can neither relish, nor digest ;  
My nimble *Pulses* beat ; my *veynes* doe boile :  
I cannot close mine eyes, I cannot rest :  
O, for a *Surgeon*, now, to strike a *Vaine* !  
That, that would lay my *Heate*, and ease my *Paine* :  
No, no, It is thy *Blood*, and not my owne,  
Thy *Blood* must cure me, *Iesus*, or else none.

27.

*On Davids choise.*

**F***Amine ? the sword ? the Pestilence ? which is least,*  
When all are great ? which worst, when bad's the  
It is a point of *Mercy*, yet, to give (best ?  
A choise of death to such, as must not live :  
But was the choise so hard ? It seemes to me,  
There was a worse, and better of the three,  
Though all extreame : Me thinks, the help of hands  
Might swage the first ; The *bread* of forraine lands  
Might patch their lives, & make some slender shift  
To save a while, with necessary thrift :  
Me thinks, the second should be lesse extreame  
Then that ; Alas ! poore *Israel* could not dreame

Of too much *peace*, that had so oft division  
 Among themselves, and forrain opposition:  
 Besides, their King was *martiall*; his acts *glorious*;  
 His heart was *valiant*, and his hand *victorious*;  
 Me thinks a Conquerour, a *Manoth's* sword  
 Should nere be puzzeld at so poore a word:  
 In both, however, *David*, at the worst,  
 Might well presume he should not die the first.  
 But oh, the *Plague's* impartiall, It respects  
 No quality of *Person*, age, nor *sex*:  
 The Royall *breast's* as open to her hand  
 As is the loosest *Pesant* in the Land:  
*Famine*? the *sword*? the *Pestilence*? *David* free,  
 To take his choice? and pick the worst of three?  
 He that gave *David* power to refuse,  
 Instructed *David* in the Art to chuse;  
 He knew no forrain Kingdom could afford (*sword*  
 Supply, where God makes *Dearth*: He knew the  
 Would want an arm; the arm would want her skill;  
 And skill, *successe*, where heav'n prepares to kill:  
 He knew, there was no trust, no safe recourse  
 To *Martiall* man, or to his warlike *horse*;  
 But it is Thou, *great God*, the only close  
 Of his best thoughts, and the secure repose  
 Of all his *trust*; He yeelds to kisse thy *Rod*:  
 Israel was thine, and thou art *Israels* God:  
 He knew thy *gracious wont*, thy wonted *grace*;  
 He knew, thy *Mercy* tooke the upper place  
 Of all thy *Attributes*; 'Twas no adventure  
 To cast himselfe on *Thee*, the only Center  
 Of all his hopes; Thy *David* knew the danger  
 To fall to th' hands of man; or *friend*, or *stranger*:

Thus *Dauids* filiall hopes, being anchor'd fast  
On Gods knowne *Mercy*, wisely chose the last :  
If thou wilt give me *Dauids* heart ; Ile voyce,  
Great God, with *David* ; and make *Dauids* choyce:  
But stay ; *deare Lord*, my tongue's too bold, too free,  
To speake of choyce, that merits all the *Three*.

28.

*On Mans unequall division.*

L Ord, 'tis a common course ; w're apt and free  
To take the Best, and share the worst to Thee :  
Wee Fleet the *Mornings* for our owne Designe ;  
Perchance, the Flotten *Afternoones* are thine :  
Thou giv'lt us *silke* ; we offer *Cammills* baire.  
Thy *Blessings* march ith' *Front* ; our *thanks* ith' *Reare*.

29.

*On Beggers.*

N O wonder that such swarmes of *Beggers* lurke  
In every street: 'Tis a worse trade to worke  
Then begge: Yet some, if they can make but shift  
To live, will thinke it scorne to thrive by *gift* ;  
'Tis a brave mind ; but yet no wise fore-cast ;  
It is but Pride, and Pride will stoope at last ;  
We all are *Beggers* ; should be so, at least ;  
Alas ! we cannot worke: The very best  
Our hands can doe, will not maintaine to live ;  
We can but hold them up, whilst others give :  
No shame for helplesse Man, to pray in aid ;  
Great *Sol'mon* scornd not to be free o' th' *Trade* ;

L 3

He

He begg'd an *Almes* and blusht not ; For the *Boone*  
He got, was treble fairer then his *Crowne* :  
No wonder that he thriv'd by begging, so ;  
He was both *Begger* and a *Chuser* too.  
O who would trust to *Worke*, that may obtaine  
The Suit he begs, without or *sweat*, or *paine* !  
O what a priviledge, great God, have we,  
That have the Honour, but to begg on Thee !  
Thou dost not fright us with the tort'ring *Whips*  
Of *Bedels* ; nor dost answer our faint lips  
With churlish language ; Lord, thou dost not praise  
The stricter *Statute* of last *Henries* dayes :  
Thou dost not dampe us with the empty voyce  
Of *Nothing for yee* : If our clam'rous noyse  
Should chance t'importune, turn'st thy gracious eye  
Upon our wants, and mak'st a quick supply :  
Thou dost not brand us with th'opprobrious name  
Of idle *vagabonds* : Thou know'st w'are *lame*,  
And cannot worke ; Thou dost not, *Pharo* like,  
Deny us *straw*, and yet requier *Brick* :  
Thou canst not heare us grone beneath our *Taske*,  
But freely giv'st, what we have *Faith* to aske :  
The most, for which my large desire shall plead,  
To serve the present's but a *Loafe of Bread*,  
Or but a *Token* ( ev'n as *Beggers* use ; )  
That, of thy love, will fill my slender *Cruse* :  
Lord, during life, Ile begg no greater *Boone*,  
If at my Death, thou'lt give me but a *Crowne*.



30.

## On the two Children.

**M**Y *flesh* and *spirit*, Lord, are like those paire  
Of *Infants*, whose sad Mothers did repaire  
To *Justice*: T'one is *quick*; the other *dead*:  
The two promiscuous Parents that doe plead  
For the live Childe, is *Thee* and *satan*, Lord:  
Both claime alike; Justice calls forth the *sword*,  
And seeing both, with equall teares, complaine,  
Proffers to cleave the *Children* both in twaine;  
And make them equall sharers in the same  
That both doe challenge, and what both disclaime:  
*Sathan* applauds the motion, and replide;  
Nor *thine*, nor *mine*, but let them both divide;  
And give alike to both: But thou, deare Lord,  
Dislik'st the justice of th' *unequall sword*:  
Rather then share it *dead*, thou leav'st to strive,  
And wilt not own't at all, if not *alive*:  
The *sword's* put up, & straight condemnes the other  
To be the false; calls Thee, the *nat'rall Mother*:  
Lord of my Soule: It is but *Sathans* wile,  
To cheate thy bosome of thy *living Childe*:  
Hee'd have the Question by the *sword* decided,  
Knowing the Soule's but dead, if once *divided*:  
My better part is thine, and thine alone;  
Take thou the *Flesh*, and let him gnaw the *Bone*:

31.

*On two Mysteries.*

**A** Perfect *Virgin*, to bring forth a *Son* !  
*One*, three entire ; and *Three*, entirely *One* !  
 Wonder of Wonders ! How might all this come ?  
*We must be deafe, when th'holy Spirit's dumb ;*  
 Spare to enquire it : Thou shalt never know,  
 Till *Heav'n* dissolve, and the last *Trump* shall blow.

32.

*A forme of Prayer.*

**I**F thou wouldst learne, not knowing how, to pray,  
 Adde but a *Faith*, and say as *Beggars* say ;  
*Master, I'm poore, and blinde, in great distresse ;*  
*Hungry and lame, and cold, and comfortlesse :*  
*O, succour him, that's graveld on the Shelf*  
*Of paine, and want, and cannot help himself ;*  
*Cast downe thine eye upon a wretch, and take*  
*Some pittie on me for sweet Iesus sake :*  
 But hold ! Take heed this Clause be not put in,  
*I never begg'd before, nor will agin :*  
 Note this withall, That *Beggars* move their plaints  
 At all times *Ore tennis*, not by *Saints*.

33.

*On Solomon and the Queene of Sheba.*

**I**T spreads : The sweet perfume of *Solomons* Fame  
 Affects the *Coasts* ; And his illustrious name

Can

Cannot be hid: The unbeliev'd report  
 Must flie with Eagles wings, to th'honour'd Court  
 Of princely *Sheba*: *Sheba* must not rest,  
 Untill her eye become th'invited Guest  
 Of *Fames* loud Trumpet; her impatience strives  
 With light-foot *Time*, while her Ambition drives  
 Her *Chariot* wheelles, and gives an ayrie passage  
 To th'quick deliv'ry of her hearts *Embassage*:  
*True wisdom* planted in the hearts of *Kings*,  
*Needs no more glory then the glory it brings*;  
*And like the Sun, is view'd by her owne light,*  
*Being, by her owne reflection, made more bright*:  
 The emulous *Queen's* arriv'd; *shee's* gon to th'*Court*;  
 No eye-delighting *Masque*? no Princely *sport*,  
 To entertaine her? No, her eye, her eare  
 Is taken up, and scornes to see, to heare  
 Inferiour things: Sh'allowes her eare, her eye  
 No lesse then *Oracles*, and *Majestie*:  
*How, empty pastimes doe resolve and flie*  
*To their true nothing, when true wisdom's by!*  
 Th'arrived *Queene* has *Audience*; moves; disputes;  
 Wise *Solomon*, attends; replies; confutes;  
*Sh'objects*; he answers; *she* afresh propounds;  
*She* proves; maintaines it; he decides; confounds;  
*She* smiles; *she* wonders, being overdaz'd  
 With his bright beams, stands *silent*; stands amaz'd:  
*How Scripture-like Apocryphas appeare*  
*To common Books! how poore, when Scripture's neare!*  
 The *Queene* is pleas'd, who, never yet did know  
 The blast of *Fame* lesse prodigall, then now;  
 For now, the greatest part of what she knew  
 By *Fame*, is found the least of what is true;

M

We

*We often finde that Fame, in prime of youth,  
Does adde to Falshood, and subtrae from Truth :  
The thankfull Queene do's, with a lib'rall hand,  
Present him with the Riches of her Land :  
Where Wisdome goes before we often finde  
That temp'rall Blessings seldome stay behinde :  
Lord, grant me Wisdome ; and I shall possesse  
Enough ; have more, or have content with lesse.*

33.

On Rehoboam.

**C**ould dying Parents, at their peacefull death,  
Make but a firme Assurance, or bequeath  
Their living Vertues ; Could they recommend  
Their wisdom to their heyres ; Could hearts descend  
Upon the bosome of succeeding Sons,  
As well as Scepters doe ; as well as Thrones ;  
Sure Rehoboams Reigne had found increase  
Of Love and Honour, and had died in peace :  
Kingdomes are transitory : Scepters goe  
From hand, to hand ; & Crowns, from brow, to brow ;  
But Wisdome marches on another guise :  
They'r two things, to be Worldly great, and wise ;  
It was the selfe same Scepter that came downe  
From Solomon to thee : The selfe same Crowne,  
That did enclose his Princely browes, and thine ;  
The selfe-same flesh and blood, the next o'th' Line ;  
The selfe-same people were alive, to blesse  
The prosp'rous dayes ; But not the same sucresse :  
Where rests the fault ? what secret mischief can  
Un-same thy peace ? 'Twas not the selfe same Man.

W

Twa's

34.

*On the Prophet slaine by a Lyon.*

**T**Was not for malice ; not for want of *Food*,  
The obvious *Lyon* shed this *Prophets* blood :  
Where faithlesse man neglects the sacred *Law*  
Of God ; there, beasts abate their servile awe  
To man : When Man dares take a dispensation,  
By sin, to frustrate th'end of Mans *Creation*,  
The Beasts, oft-times, by mans Example, doe  
Renounce the end of their *Creation* too :  
The *Prophet* must abstaine : He was forbid ;  
He must not eate : And yet the *Prophet* did :  
Th'obedient *Lyon* had command to shed  
That *Prophets* blood : and see, the *Prophet's* dead :  
O, how corrupt's the nature of Mans *Will*,  
That breaks those Lawes which very *Beasts* fulfill.

35.

*On Ahab.*

**H**ow *Ahab* longs ! *Ahab* must be possesst  
Of *Naboths Vineyard*, or can find no rest :  
His tongue must second his unlawfull eye :  
*Ahab* must sue : and *Naboth* must denye :  
*Ahab* growes sullen ; he can eat no Bread ;  
His Body prostrates on his restless Bed :  
*Unlawfull lust immoderate often brings*  
*A loathing in the use of lawfull things :*  
*Ahabs* desier must not be with-stood,  
It must be purchas'd, though with *Naboths* Blood ;

M 2

*Witnesse*

*Witnesse* must be suborn'd: *Naboth* must lie  
 Open to *Law*; must be condemn'd; and die:  
 His goods must be confiscate to the *Crowne*;  
 Now *Ahab's* pleas'd; The *Vineyard's* now his owne:  
*Unlawfull Pleasures*, when they jostle further  
 Then ordinary bounds; oft end in murder.  
 Me thinks, the Grapes that cluster from that *Vine*,  
 Should (being prest) afford more blood then *Wine*.

36.

On Rehoboam.

PEOPLE have *Balances*; wherein to weigh (wray  
 Their new-crown'd *Princes*; which can soone be-  
 Their native worth: Some counterpoyse th'allow:  
 Unhappy *Isr'el* had not weights enow,  
 To weigh thy *Fingers*: *Heads* can never rest  
 In peace, when their poore members are opprest:  
 Had thy unlucky *Fingers* weigh'd no more  
 Then thy light *Judgement*; had thy judgement bore  
 But halfe the burthen of thy *Fingers* weight,  
 Thou hadst bin prosp'rous, both in *Crowne*, and *State*:  
 The *Lyon's* knowne by's *Paw*; The people spends  
 Their *Judgement* of a Prince by's *Fingers* ends.

37.

On Leprous Naaman.

THE *Leper*, prompted with his lothsome grieve,  
 Seekes to the King of *Israel* for reliefe:  
 But *Naaman's* vaine desires could not thrive;  
*Israel's* no God; to kill, or make alive.

The

*The Morall Man is of too meane a Stature,  
 To reach his hand above the head of Nature :*  
 The willing Prophet undertakes the Cure ;  
 The Leper must goe wash, and be secure  
 From his Disease : He must goe paddle straight,  
 In Iordan's water : 'Tis a faire Receipt :  
 And why in Iordan ? Have our Syrian streames  
 Lesse pow'r then Isr'els ? sure the Prophet dreames :  
 How hard it is for Mortals to rely  
 On Faith ! How apt is sense, to question, why ?  
 The Cure perplexes more then the Disease ;  
 Prophets prescribe no better means then these ?  
 I look'd his Ceremonious hand should stroke  
 The Place ; I look'd the Prophet should invoke :  
 Some men would faine be cleane, if God would stay  
 Their times, or would but cure them their owne way :  
 The techy Leper is displeas'd ; hee'll hence :  
 The Iordan Prophet dallies against sense :  
 His wiser servants urge their hasty Lord  
 To Iordan's streames : He washes ; is restor'd :  
 How good a God have we, whose grace fulfills  
 Our choyce desires oft-times against our wills !  
 The Leper's clens'd ; And now he do's applaud  
 Not Isr'els streames alone, but Isr'els God :  
 The Prophet must have thanks, and Gold beside ;  
 The thanks are taken, but the Gold's deni'd :  
 Who would not deale with Thee, that art not nice,  
 To sell such Pen'worths at so small a price !  
 Naaman, in lieu of his refus'd reward,  
 Vowes the true God ; provided, when his Lord  
 Shall serve i'th house of Rimmon, if he bow  
 For fashion-sake, he may secure his Vow :

Some will not stick to lend their God a house,  
 Might they reserve one roome for their owne use :  
 Gehazi thinks the Cure too cheape ; He soone  
 Ore-takes the Lepers Chariot, askes a Boone  
 T'ch' Prophets name : But mark what did befall ;  
 He got his Boone, but got his plague withall :  
*Unlawfull gaines are least what they appeare,*  
*And ill got Gold is alwayes bought too deare :*  
 Lord, I did wash in Iordan, and was cur'd ;  
 My *Flesh*, that false Gehazi, hath procur'd  
 A sinfull purchase, having over-runne  
 The clensed Naaman of my Soule : What's done  
 By false Gehazi, let Gehazi beare ;  
 Let Naamans Leprosie alone stick there ;  
 O, clense them both, or if that may not be,  
 Lord, strike Gehazi ; and keepe Naaman free.

38.

*On Chamber-Christians.*

NO matter whether (some there be that say)  
 Or goe to Church, or stay at home, if pray :  
 Smiths dainty Sermons have, in plenty, stor'd me  
 With better stuffe, then Pulpets can afford me :  
 Tell me, why pray'st thou ; Heav'n commanded so :  
 Art not commanded to his Temples too ?  
 Small store of manners ! when thy Prince bids Come,  
 And feast at Court ; to say, I've meat at home.

Lord,



39.

*On the Widowes Cruse.*

**L**Ord, I'm in *debt*, and have not wherewithall  
To pay : My *score* is great ; my *wealth* but small ;  
My *house* is poorely furnisht, and my *Food*  
Is slender ; I have nothing that is good :  
Lord, if my wasted *Fortunes* prove no better,  
My *Debt* is ev'n as desp'rate as the *Debter* :  
All the reliefe thy servant this long while,  
Hath had, is but a little *Cruse* of *Oyle* ;  
There's none will give of *Almes* : I neither get  
Enough to satisfie my *wants*, nor *debt* :  
Lord, if thee please to show the selfe same Art  
Upon the slender *vessell* of my Heart,  
The *Prophet* did, upon the *Widowes Cruse*,  
I shall have *Oyle* to sell, have *Oyle* to use ;  
So shall my *Debt* be paid, and I goe free ;  
No debt is desp'rate, in respect of Thee.

40.

*On the swimming Axe.*

**T**He borrow'd *Axe* fell in : 'Twas lost ; lamented ;  
The *Prophet* mov'd ; the *Workman* discontented ;  
A *Stick* hewen downe ; and by the *Prophets* hand  
Throwne in ; the *Axe* did floate, and came aland :  
And why a *stick* ? Had that the pow'r to call  
The *massy Iron* up ? Sure, none at, all :  
*Moses* must use his *Rod* ; *Moses* I doubt it,  
Had been but lame, but impotent without it ;

Nor

Nor could that *Rod* have scourged *Pharoes* Land,  
 Had it beene waved by an *other* hand:  
 God often workes by *meanes*, and yet not so,  
 But that he can, as well without them, too.  
 God can save Man without the helpe of Man,  
 But will not; Wils not alwayes that he can:  
 Something is left for us: we must not lie  
 Ith' ditch, and cry, *And if we die we die*:  
 We must not lie like *Blocks*, relying on (done;  
 The workmans *Axe*; There's something must be  
 The workmans *Axe* perchance had never bin  
 Recald againe, if not the *sticke* throwen in:  
 We must be doing, yet those *Deeds*, as our,  
 Have no more native vertue, nay, lesse power  
 To save us, then that *sticke* had, to recall  
 The *Axe* from the deepe bottome of his Fall:  
 I will be doing; but repose in *Him*;  
 Throw I in *sticks*; hee'l make my *Iron* swim.

## 41.

## On Baals Priests.

**I** *Iehu's* crown'd King; *Iehu* the King must fall  
 To *Ababs* Gods: *Iehu* must worship *Baal*:  
 The gods-divided people must goe call  
*Baals* sacred Priests: *Iehu* must worship *Baal*:  
 None must be left behinde; They must come all;  
*Iehu* must burne a Sacrifice to *Baal*:  
 The Priests come puffing in; both great and small  
 Must wait on *Iehu* that must worship *Baal*:  
*Baals* house is fill'd and crouded to the wall  
 With people, that are come to worship *Baal*.

What

What must there now be done? what Offering shall  
 Perfume *Baals nostrils*? ev'n the Priests of *Baal*:  
*Baals* holy *Temple's* now become a *Stall*  
 Of Priestly flesh; of fleshly Priests for *Baal*;  
 How would our *Gospel* flourish, if that all  
 Princes, like *Iehu*, would but worship *Baal*!

42.

On the Tempter.

How dares thy *Bandog*, Lord, presume t'approch  
 Into thy sacred presence? or inroach  
 Upon thy choice *possessions*, to devour  
 Thy sporting *Lambs*? To counterfeit thy pow'r,  
 And to usurpe thy *Kingdome*, ev'n as He  
 Were, Lord, at least, a *Substitute* to Thee?  
 Why dost not rate him? why does he obtaine  
 Such favour to have liberty of his *Chaine*?  
 Have we not *Enemies* to counterbuisse,  
 Enow? Is not the *Flesh*, the *World* enough  
 To foile us? this *abroad*, and that at *home*;  
 But must that *Sathan*, must that *Bandog* come  
 T'afflict the *weake*, and take the *stronger*, side?  
 O, are there not enow, enow beside?  
 Is there not odds enough, when we have none  
 But mighty *Foes*, nay, *Rebels* of our owne,  
 Beneath a false disguise of love and peace,  
 That still betray us? Are not these, all these  
 Sufficient, to encounter and o'rthrow,  
 Poore sinfull Man; but must that *Bandog* too,  
 Assault us, Lord? We dare not cast our eyes  
 Our timorous eyes to Heav'n, we dare not rise

N

From

From off our aking knees, to plead our case,  
 When he can commune with thee *face to face*;  
 Nay more, were it but possible to doe,  
 Would draw thee, Lord, to his bold *Faction* too.  
 Lord, lend me but thy power to resist  
 What *Foes* thou send'st, & send what *Foes* thou list:  
 It is thy *Battle*: If thou please to warme  
 My Blood, and find the *strength*, Ile find the *Arme*;  
 March thou i'th' *Front*, Ile follow in the *Rear*;  
 Come then ten thousand *Bandogs*, Ile not feare.

43.

On a Cypher.

**C***Yphers* to *Cyphers* added, seeme to come  
 ( With those that know not *Art*) to a great *sum*:  
 But such as skill in *Numeration*, know,  
 That worlds of *Cyphers*, are but worlds of *show*:  
 We stand those *Cyphers*, ere since *Adams* fall;  
 We are but *show*: we are no *summe* at all:  
 Our bosome-pleasures, and delights, that doe  
 Appeare so glorious, are but *Cyphers* too:  
 High-prized *honour*, *friends*, This house; The *tother*,  
 Are but one *Cypher* added to another:  
 Reckon by rules of *Art*, and tell me, than,  
 How great is thy *Estate*, Ingenious Man?  
 Lord, be my *Figure*, Then it shall be knowne  
 That I am *Something*: *Nothing*, if alone:  
 I care not in what *place*, in what *degree*;  
 I doe not weigh how small my *Figure* be:  
 But as I am, I have nor worth, nor *vigour*:  
 I am thy *Cypher*; O, be thou my *Figure*..

The

44.

On Haman and Mordecay.

**T**He King wold fain take rest; But thought denies  
 To pay her nightly *Tribute* to his eyes :  
 The Persian *Chronicle* must be brought, to set  
 His eyes in quiet, till they'r payd the *debt* :  
 He turnes the leaves ; The first he lights upon,  
 Is the *true service* *Mordecay* had done :  
*Heav'n often works his ends, at such a season,*  
*When Man has will to banish sense, and Reason :*  
 His loyall service must be now recall'd  
 To blest remembrance : *Haman* must be call'd  
 To Councell ; question'd, but not know the thing  
 The King intends : He must advise the King,  
 What *Ceremony* must be us'd, what *Cost*,  
 What *Honor*, where the King shall honor most ;  
*Observe but in the Progresse of this Story,*  
*How God turnes Factor for his Servants glory :*  
*Haman* perswaded that such honour can  
 Fit none but him ; ne'r questions, *Who's the Man* ;  
 His more ambitious thoughts are now providing  
 A *Horse of State*, for his owne Princely riding ;  
 In brieft ; his Judgement is, That such a *One*,  
 Must lack no Honor, *but the Royall Throne* :  
*How apt is Man to flatter his owne heart !*  
*How faire a Debter to his false desert !*  
 The royall *Horse* is ready, all things fit,  
 That could be broach'd by a vaine-glorious wit :  
*Haman* expects his answer ; His Ambition  
 Spurres on, wants nothing but his *large Commission* :

*Haman* must haste with all the speed he can,  
 And see it done: But *Mordecai's* the man  
 God often crownes his *Servants* at their Cost,  
 That hate their persons, and disdain them most:  
 Lord, if thou please to make me but thine owne,  
 I shall have Honour, spight of Honours frowne.

45.

## On Jobs Temptations.

God questions *Sathan*: Boasts his *Iobs* desert,  
 In the perfection of a Simple Heart:  
*Iobs Faith* was fervent; *Sathan* was as chill  
 To yeeld it; but must yeeld against his will;  
 Condemnes it to be servile, to be bought  
 With Gods own coyn? Does *Iob* serve God far nought?  
 It is a common trick, the Tempter uses,  
 The Faith he cannot conquer, he abuses.  
 Alas, that Faith requires not so much praise,  
 'Tis a good Faith, as Faiths goe now adayes:  
 Is it not strengthen'd by thy indulgent hand,  
 That blest his Labours, and enrich his Land?  
 Puffe out the Fire: his Faith will quickly chill:  
*Sathan* puffe thou; nay *Sathan* puffe thy will:  
 Nor Ebbe nor Floud of small, or great estate,  
 Are certaine Badges of Gods love, or Hate:  
 What's now to doe? Poore *Iob* must be bereav'n  
 Of all his stronger Herds; Fire, sent from Heav'n,  
 Must burne his fruitfull Flocks, that none remaine;  
 His houses fall; and all his Children slaine;  
 And yet not curse? Alas, poore *Iob* adresses  
 His thoughts to heav'n; he worships God & blesses:  
 The

*The lively Faith that can retaine her God,  
 May groane; but seldome rave beneath the Rod.  
 But what sayes Sathan now? The hedge is broke,  
 That fenc'd my Servant Job: What further Cloke  
 For his uprightnesse hath he? what presence  
 For his continued Love and Innocence?  
 Has not thy malice had her owne desire?  
 'Twas soundly puff'd; thy Puffs have blown the fire:  
 Gods tryals are like Bellows: Sathan's Blower,  
 Blowes out false Faiths, makes true ones blaze the more.  
 True Lord; His Faith is tough: But Snail's as well  
 Can thrive without, as live within their shell:  
 To save a life who would not lose some skin?  
 Touch but his Hornes, O how hee'l draw them in!  
 Sathan I give thy malice leave, be free  
 To peelee the Bark, but spare to touch the Tree.  
 Feare not ye little flocke: The greatest ill  
 Your Foes can doe's to scratch; They cannot kill.  
 What now's th'exploit? Afflicted Job does lye,  
 A very Hospitall of misery:  
 I thinke, that all the Vicers that have bin  
 In Egypt cur'd, are broken out agin  
 In his distempered Flesh; yet Job is still  
 The very same, nor charg'd his God with ill:  
 A Faith that lodges in a double Brest,  
 May stand the touch; None but true Faiths, the Test:  
 If these be flames, poore man must swelter in,  
 He needs a World a patience, not to sin.*

46.

## On bauling Curres.

I Feard the world and I were too acquainted;  
I hope my feares are, like her Joyes, but painted:  
Had I not beene a *Stranger*, as I past,  
Her bauling *Curres* had never bark'd so fast.

47.

## ON DAVID.

STands it with State, that Princely *David*, who  
Did weare the *Crown*, should play the *Harper* too?  
He playes and sings; His glory ne'r disdaines  
To dance, and to receive a *Crown* for's paines:  
Tis no disparagement, 'tis no misprision  
Of State, to play before the *Great Musitian*.

48.

## ON ABRAHAM.

THE word is out: Poore *Abr'am* must be gon;  
Must take his *Isaak*; take his onely Son;  
The Son of his *Affection*; him, from whom,  
From whose blest loynes so many *Kings* must come,  
Ev'n him must *Abr'am* slay, *Abr'am* must rise,  
And offer *Isaac* a burnt *Sacrifice*.  
*God* scornes the *Offals* of our faint desires;  
He gives the best, and he the best requires.  
*Abr'am* forbearcs to question; thinks not good  
To reason, to advise with *Flesh* and *Blood*;

Begs



Begs not young *Isaacks* life, nor goes about  
T'object the *Law of Murther*; makes no doubt:  
He rises, rises early; leads his Son;  
Hasts where this holy *Slaughter* must be done:  
*Where God bids Goe, that very Breath's a warrant:*  
*We must not linger there: Hast crownes the Arrant.*  
His Servants must no further: They must stay:  
*Private Devotion claimes a private Way:*  
They must abide with th' *Ass*, whilst th' aged Sire  
In t'one hand takes the *Knife*: in t'other, *Fire*:  
The sacred *Wood of Offring* must be pil'd  
On the young shoulders of th' obedient *Childe*:  
*O here mine eye must spend a teare to see*  
*Thee beare that Wood, great God, that, since, bore Thee:*  
*Mistrustlesse Isaac seeing the wood, the fire,*  
The *sacrificing Knife*, begins t'enquire,  
*But where's the Sacred Lambe, that must be slaine?*  
Resolved *Abra'm* (lest the *flesh* should gaine  
Too much of *Nature*) sayes not, *Thou my Son*  
*Art he.* but, *The Almighty will provide us one:*  
*Where God commands, 'tis not enough t'effect,*  
*But we must baulke th'occasion of neglect.*  
The faithfull *Abra'm* now erects an *Altar*:  
Orders the *wood*: what tongue can chuse but falter,  
To tell the rest? He layes his hands upon  
His wondring *Isaac*, binds his onely Son:  
He layes him downe, unsheathe's his Priestly *knife*:  
Up-heaves his arme, to take his *Isaacks* life:  
*True faith is active: Covets to proceed*  
*From thought to action; and from will to deed:*  
Before the strengthned stroke had time to fall,  
A Sudden voyce from Heav'n cries bold: Recall  
Thy

*Thy threanning Arme, and sheath thy holy Knife,  
 Thy Faith has answer'd for thy Isaac's life;  
 Touch not the Child; thy Faith is thoroughly shewne,  
 That has not spar'd thine owne, thine onely Son:  
 How easie is our God, and liberall, who  
 Counts it as done, what we have will to doe!*

49.

On Censorio.

**C***ensorio takes in hand, by sharp reproofe,  
 To mend his Brothers error, and to snuffe  
 His darkned Flame; and yet Censorio's crimes  
 Are rankt among the foulest of the Times:  
 Let none presume, Censorio, to controule  
 Or top the dim light of anothers Soule,  
 If not more pure then him, that is controll'd:  
 The Temple-Snuffers must be perfect Gold.*

50.

On Mordecay and Haman.

**T***wo Steeds appointed were by Hamans hand;  
 The one at Grasse; The other Steed did stand  
 In Persia's Mues: The former was providing  
 For Mordecay: the last for Hamans riding:  
 But since, in order, last things prove the worst,  
 Hamans ambition drove him to the First:  
 But see, proud Hamans prouder Steed did cast  
 His glorious rider, whilest the Jew sits fast:  
 What matter Haman? Fortune, though no Friend  
 Of thine, first brought thee to thy Journeys end.*

The

## 51.

*On three Fooles.*

**T**He Wise man sayes, *It is a Wise mans part,*  
*To keepe his tongue close pris'ner in his heart ;*  
If he be then a Foole, whose thought denies,  
*There is a God,* how desp'rately unwise,  
How more then Foole is he, whose language shall  
Proclaime in publike, *There's no God at all!*  
What then are they, nay Fooles, in what degree,  
Whose Actions shall maintain't ? *Such fooles are we.*

## 52.

*On miserable Man.*

**A***dam*, the highest pitch of perfect Nature,  
And lively image of his great *Creator*,  
Declin'd his God, and by one sinfull *Deed*,  
Destroy'd himselfe, and ruin'd all his *seed*:  
How wretched, then, how desp'rate's our Condition,  
Whose ev'ry minute makes a repetition  
Of greater sins, against both light of *Nature*,  
And *Grace*, against *Creation* and *Creator* !  
Alas ! we claime not by *descent*, alone,  
But adde by houely purchase of our owne :  
There is no *breach* of Loyalty, no *sin*  
We are imperfect, and unpracti'd in ;  
Shall not a world of *sins* bring ruine, then,  
To *One* ; when one *sin* slew a world of men ?

O

Two

## 53.

## On Mans two Enemies.

**T**Wo potent Enemies attend on Man ;  
*T'one's fat and plump; The other leane and wan;*  
*T'one faunes and smiles; The other weepes as fast;*  
*The first Presumption is; Despaire, the last :*  
*That feeds upon the bounty of full Treasure ;*  
*Brings jolly newes of Peace, and lasting pleasure :*  
*This feeds on want, unapt to entertaine*  
*Gods Blessings : Finds them ever in the waine :*  
*Their Maxims disagree ; But their Conclusion*  
*Is the selfe same : Both jump in Mans Confusion :*  
*Lord, keepe me from the first, or else, I shall*  
*Soare up and melt my waxen wings, and fall :*  
*Lord, keepe the second from me ; lest I, then,*  
*Sinke downe so low, I never rise agen :*  
*Teach me to know my selfe, and what I am,*  
*And my Presumption will be turn'd to shame :*  
*Give me true Faith, to know thy dying Son,*  
*What Ground has then Despaire to work upon ?*  
*T'avoid my shipwrack upon either Shelve,*  
*O, teach me, Lord, to know my God; my selfe.*

## 54.

## On Queene ESTER.

**I**llustrious Princeesse, had thy chance not beene,  
 To be a *Captive*, thou hadst bin no *Queene* :  
 Such is the *Fortune*, our *Misfortune* brings ;  
 Had we not first bin *slaves*, w'ad ne'r been *Kings*.  
Have

55.

On Slanders.

**H**Ave slanderous tongues bin busie to defame  
The pretious *Oyntment* of my better name?  
Or hath censorious basenesse gone about  
With her rude blast to puffe my *Taper* out?  
They have: And let their full mouth'd *bellows* puffe:  
It is their *Breath* that stinks, and not my *Snuffe*:  
I, let them snarle and burst, that I may smile,  
Doe, let them jerk, and I will laugh the while:  
They cannot strike beyond my patience; No,  
Ile beare, and take it for an *Honour* too;  
The height that my *Ambition* shall flye,  
Is only to deserve their *Calumny*:  
O, what a Judgement 'twere, if such as they  
Should but allow my *Actions*, and betray  
My'endangered *name*, by their maligne applause,  
To good *Opinion*, That were a just Cause  
Of *Griefe* indeed! but to be made the Story  
Of such base tongues, it is my *Crowne*, my *Glory*:  
I, let them spend their *Dust* against the winde,  
And bark against the *Moone*, till they be blind,  
And weary; Let their malice not forbear  
To baule at *Innocence*, to wound and teare  
An absent name, whilst their unhallowed tongues  
Make me a glorious *Martyr* in their wrongs:  
I beg no Favour: Nay, my hearts desire  
Is still to be *calcin'd* by such a Fire:  
That, in conclusion, all men may behold  
A faire gilt Counter from a *Crowne of Gold*.

O 2

Great

Great God, I care not this, how foule I seeme  
 To *Man*; May I be faire in thy *esteeme*:  
 It matters not how *light* I seeme to be  
 To the base world, so I be *weight* to Thee.

56.

ON NABVCHADNEZZER.

W<sup>H</sup>at lucklesse Accident hath bred such ods  
 Betwixt great *Babels Monarch*, and his *Gods*,  
 That they so oft disturbe him, and affright  
 His broken slumbers with the *Dreames* of night!  
 Alas, what hath this Princely *Dreamer* done,  
 That he must quit the *Glory* of his Throne,  
 His Royall *Scepter*, his Imperiall *Crowne*?  
 Must be expeld his *Honour*, and come downe  
 Below the meanest *Slave*, and, for a Season,  
 Be banisht from the use, the Act of *Reason*?  
 Must be exil'd from *humane shape*, and chew  
 The cudde, and must be moistned with the dew  
 Of heav'n; nay, differ in no other thing  
 From the bruit beast, but that *he was a King*?  
 What ayle thy *Gods*, that they are turn'd so rough,  
 So full of rage? what, had they meat enough  
 To fill their *golden* stomachs? Was thy knee  
 Bent o't enough? what might the reason be?  
 Alas, poore harmlesse things! it was not they?  
 'Twas not their wills: I dare be bold to say  
 They knew it not: It was not they that did it;  
 They had no pow'r to *act*, or to *forbid* it:  
 Deserv'st thou not, Great King, the stile of *Beast*,  
 To serve such *Gods*, whose *Deities* can digest

Their

Their servants open wrongs? that could dispense  
 With what they'ndure, without the least offence;  
 Illustrious *Beast*, me thinks thy better'd state  
 Has no great reason to complaine of *Fate*:  
 Thou art more neere to him thou didst adore,  
 By one *degree*, then ere thou wert before:  
 'Tis some promotion; That there is lesse odds  
 Betwixt thy *Nature*, and thy *senslesse Gods*.

57.

ON PARTIO.

**H**Ast thou forsaken all thy *Sinnes*, but One?  
 Belceve it, *Partio*, Th'ast forsaken *None*.

58.

ON Ignorance.

**T**He greatest *Friend* Religion hath t'advance  
 Her glory's unaffected *Ignorance*:  
 The burning *Taper* lends the fairest light,  
 And shines most glorious, in the *shades of night*.

59.

ON a great Battaille.

**W**Hen my rebellious *Flesh* doth disagree  
 With my resisting *Spirit*; me thinks, I see  
 Two mighty Princes draw into the *Field*,  
 Where one must win the *Day*; the other, yeeld:  
 They both prepare; Both strike up their *Alarmes*;  
 Both march; Both well appointed in their *Armes*;

O 3

They

They both advance their *Banners* : T'one displayes  
 A *bloody Crosse* : The other Colours blaze  
 A *Globe terrestriall* : *Nature* carries one,  
 And *Grace* the other : Each by's *Ensigne's* knowne  
 They meet, encounter, *blowes* exchange for *blowes* :  
 Dart is return'd for Dart : They grapple, Close :  
 Their Fortune's hurried with unequall *Sailes*,  
 Somtimes the *Crosse* ; somtimes, the *Globe* prevails.  
 We are that *Field* ; And they that strive to win us,  
 Are *God* and *Sathan* ; Those, that warre within us,  
 The *Flesh*, the *Spirit* : No parting of the *Fray*,  
 Till one shall win : the other, lose the *Day* :  
 My God, O weaken this rebellious *Flesh*,  
 That dares oppose : O, quicken and refresh  
 My dull and coward *Spirit*, that would yeeld,  
 And make proud *Sathan* *Master of the Field* : (good  
 Deare Lord, the *Field's* thy owne; thou thoughtst it  
 To purchase't with my dying Saviours *Blood* :  
 'Tis thine, Great God, by *title*, and by *right* ; (fight ?  
 Why should thou question, what's thy owne, by  
 Lord, keepe possession thou, and let th'accurst  
 And base *Vsurper* doe his best, his worst.

6c.

*On the World.*

THE World's an *Inne* ; and I, her *Guest*,  
 I eate, I drinke, I take my Rest :  
 My *Hofteffe* Nature, do's deny me  
 Nothing, wherewith she can supply me :  
 Where, having strayd a while, I pay  
 Her *lavish Bills*, and goe my way.

Away



## 61.

*On the Sabbath.*

**A**Way my *thoughts*: Away my *words*, my *deeds*;  
Away, what ever nourishes and feeds  
My fraile *delights*: Presume not to approach  
Into my presence; dare not once t'encroach  
Upon the hallowed *Temple* of my Soule;  
Ye are not for this *Day*, y'are all too foule:  
Abide ye with the *Assè*, till I goe yonder,  
And cleave the *Isaac* of my heart in sunder:  
I must goe sacrifice: I must goe pray,  
I must performe my holy *vowes*, to day:  
Tempt not my tender *frailty*: I enjoyne  
Your needfull absence; y'are no longer mine:  
But if it may not be, that we must sever  
Our yoakt affections, and not part for ever;  
Yet give me leave, without offence, to borrow,  
At least, this day, although we meet to *morrow*.

## 62.

*On Prayer.*

**I**N all our Prayers, th'Almighty do's regard  
The Judgement of the *Balance*, not the *Yard*:  
He loves not *Words*, but *Matter*; 'Tis his pleasure  
To buy his Wares by *Weight*, and not by *Measure*.

Findst.

63.

ON FID O.

**F**Indst thou no comfort in this fickle *Earth*?  
 No Joy at all? No *Object* for thy Mirth?  
 Nothing but *Sorrow*? Nothing else, but *soyle*?  
 What, doe thy dayes shew nothing, worth a *smile*?  
 Doe worldly pleasures no contentment give?  
 Content thee, *Fido*, Th'ast not long to live.

64.

ON CHARISSA.

**W**ouldst thou, *Charissa*, with thy *fortunes* better  
 Then, by thy *art*, to make thy *God* thy *debtor*?  
 Ile teach thee how to doe't: *Relieve the poore*,  
 And thou mayst safely set it on Gods *Score*.

65.

ON Raymond Sebund.

**I** Wonder, *Raymond*, thy illustrious *Wit*,  
 Strengthened with so much *learning*, could cōmit  
 So great a Folly, as to goe about,  
 By Natures feeble *light*, to blazen out (Men  
 Such Heav'n-bred *Myſt'ries*, which the hearts of  
 Cannot conceive, much lesse the darkned *Pen*  
 Expresse; such secrets, at whose depth, the *Quire*  
 Of blessed Angels tremble, and admire:  
 Could thy vaine-glory lend no easier task  
 To thy sublime *Attempt*, then to unmask

The

The glorious *Trinity*, whose *Tri-une face*  
 Was ne'r discovered by the eye of *grace*,  
 Much lesse by th'eye of *Nature*, being a story  
 Objected only to the Eye of *glory*?  
 Put out thy light, bold *Raymond*, and be wise;  
 Silence thy tongue, and close thy 'ambitious eyes:  
 Such *heights* as these, are Subjects far more fit  
 For holy *Admiration*, then for *Wit*.

66.

## On Sinnes.

MY Sinnes are like the *hayres* upon my head,  
 And raise their *Audit* to as high a score;  
 In this they differ; *These* doe dayly shed,  
 But, ah, my *sinnes* grow dayly more and more:  
 If, by my *hayres*, thou number out my *sins*,  
 Heav'n make me *bald*, before that day begins.

67.

## On the Gospel.

OUR *Gospel* thrives the more by *forrein Iarres*;  
 It overcomes in outward *opposition*:  
 But O, it suffers still, in *Civill Warres*,  
 And loses Honour by a *home-division*:  
 If thou assist, I care not, Lord, with whom  
 I warre *abroad*, so I have peace at *home*.

P

Lord,

68.

*On the dayes of Man.*

**L**Ord, if our dayes be *few*, why doe we spend  
 And lavish them unto so evill an end?  
 Lord, if our dayes be evill, why doe we wrong  
 Our selves, and Thee, to with our *Day* so long?  
 Our *dayes* decrease; but, still, our *evils* renew; (*few*.  
 Great God, we make them *evill*; Thou mak'st them

69.

*On Sinnes.*

**M**Y Stones are like the *Sands* upon the shore;  
 Which every *Ebbe* layes open to the Eye;  
 In this they differ; *These* are cover'd ore  
 With ev'ry *Flood*; My *sinnes* still open lie:  
 If thou wilt make mine Eyes a *Sea of teares*,  
 O, they will hide the sinnes of all my *yeares*.

70.

*On Kain and David.*

**T**Heir Sins were equall; Equall was their guilt:  
 They both committed *Homicide*; Both spilt  
 Their Brothers guiltles blood: Nay, of the twaine,  
 The first occasion was lesse foule, in *Kain*:  
 'Twas likely *Kains* Murther was in *beate*  
 Of blood; There was no former *grudge*, no *threat*:  
 But *Dauids* was a *Plot*; He tooke the life  
 Of poore *Yriah*, to enjoy his *Wife*:

Was

Was *Iustice* equall? Was her *Ballance* ev'n?  
*Kain* was punisht: *David* was forgiv'n:  
 Both came to tryall: But good *David* did  
 Confesse that Sinne, which cursed *Kain* hid:  
*Kain* bewail'd the punishment; wherein,  
 His Sinne had plung'd him: *David* wayles his Sin:  
 If I lament my *sinnes*; Thou wilt forbear  
 To punish, Lord; or give me strength, to beare.

71.

## ON PLAVSVS.

**P**lausus of late, hath rais'd an *Hospital*;  
 Repair'd a *Church*; Founded a *Colledge-Hall*:  
*Plausus* hath built a holy *Temple*; vow'd it  
 To God: Erects a *Schoole* and has endow'd it:  
*Plausus* hath given, through his abundant pity,  
 A *Spittle* to the blind, and lame o'th' *Citty*:  
*Plausus* allowes a *Table* for the poore  
 O'th' *Parish*; besides those, he feeds at doore:  
*Plausus* relieves the *Prisons*; Mends the *Wayes*;  
 Maintaines a *Lecture*, on the *Market dayes*:  
*Plausus*, in brieve, for bounty beares the *Bell*;  
*Plausus* has done much *Good*; but nothing, *Well*.

72.

## ON SINNES.

**M**Y Sinnes are like the *Starres*, within the *skies*;  
 In view, in number, ev'n as bright, as great:  
 In this they differ: *These* doe set and rise;  
 But ah, my Sinnes doe rise, but never sett:

P 2

Shine

Shine *Sunne of glory*, and my finnes are gone,  
Like twinkling *Starres*, before the rising *Sunne*.

73.

*On change of Weathers.*

**A**ND were it for thy profit, to obtaine  
All *Sunshine*? No vicissitude of *Raine*?  
Thinkst thou, that thy laborious *Plough* requires  
Nor Winter *frosts*, as well as Summer *fires*?  
There must be both: Sometimes these hearts of ours  
Must have the sweet, the seasonable showres  
Of *teares*; Sometimes, the Frost of chill *despaire*  
Makes our desired *sunshine* seeme more *faine*:  
*Weathers* that most oppose to Flesh and Blood,  
Are such as helpe to make our *Harvest* good:  
We may not choose, great *God*; It is thy *Task*:  
We know not what to *have*; nor how to *ask*.

74.

*ON PROSPER.*

**T**AKE heed, thou prosp'rous *sinner*, how thou liv'st  
In Sinne, and thriv'st;  
Thou, that do'st flourish in thy *heapes of gold*,  
And summes untold,  
Thou, that hadst never reason to complaine  
Of *Crosse*, or *paine*,  
Whose unafflicted *Conscience* never found  
Nor *Chack*, nor *Wound*.  
Beleeve it, *Prosper*, thy deceitfull *Lease*  
Allows thee neither *wealth*, nor *joy*, nor *Peace*.  
Thy

Thy golden *heapes* are nothing but the price  
of *Paradise*;  
Thy *Flattering* pleasures, and thy *ayrie loyes*,  
But painted *Toyes*;  
Thy peacefull Conscience is but like a *Dogge*,  
Tyed in a *Clogge*;  
Beleeve it *Prosper*, thy deceitfull Lease  
Allows thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Ioy*, nor *Peace* :  
Thy *heapes* of Gold will stand thee in no steed,  
At greatest need;  
Thy *Empty* Pleasures, will convert thy laughter,  
To *groanes*, hereafter.  
Thy silent *Conscience*, when enlarg'd, will roare,  
And rage the more :  
Beleeve it, *Prosper*, thy deceitfull Lease,  
Affords thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Ioy*, nor *Peace*.

75.

*On the Sight of a Plague bill.*

**F**ive thousand in a weeke, in one poore City ?  
Because it was thy *Pleasure*, 'twas no pity ;  
Why should thou pity us, Just God, when we  
Could never finde a time to pity thee ?  
Thou never strik'st without a reason why,  
Nor often, then : We easily cast our eye  
Upon the *punishment*, but blinde to th' *sin*,  
That farre transcends the judgement it calls in :  
O, if the weekly *Bills* of our Transgression  
Could but appeare, and make as deepe impression  
In our sad hearts, to make our hearts but know  
As great a sorrow, as our *Plague-bills* doe ;

No doubt, no doubt but Heav'n's avenging hand  
Would turne a Stranger to our prosp'rous Land;  
O, if that weekly *Catalogue* of Sin  
Could, with our City *Bills* be brought but in;  
And be compar'd, wee'd think our *Bills* not high;  
But rather wonder there are men, to *dye*.

76.

*On Theaters.*

SIX *dayes* were made for *work*; the seventh, for *rest*;  
I read of none, that Heav'n ordain'd for *Play*;  
How have our looser *Theaters* transgress't  
The *Decalogue*, that make it ev'ry *Day*: (shame;  
Me thinkes that they should change their Trade for  
Or honour't with a more laborious name.

77.

*On Players and Ballad-mongers.*

OUR *merry* Ballads, and *lascivious* Playes  
Are much alike: To common censure, both  
Doe stand or fall: T'one *sings*; the other *sayes*;  
And both are *Fripp'ries* of anothers Froth:  
In short; They'r *Priest* and *Clark* of *Belials* Altar;  
T'one makes the *Sermon*; T'other tunes the *Psalter*.

Our



78.

*On God and the King.*

O Ur God and Prince (whom God for ever bleſſe)  
Are both, in Mercy, of a *Conſtitution*:  
Both ſlow, till meere neceſſity ſhall preſſe,  
To put their *penall Lawes* in Execution:  
And marke, How in a like ſucceſſe they joyn;:  
At both we *grumble*; and at both, *repine*.

79.

*On the life and death of Man.*

T He life of Man is but th'imperfect Story  
Of his *Adventure*, towards future Glory;  
For *death* to finiſh: Who will ſticke to ſay,  
A glorious *Ev'n* foretells a glorious *Day*:

80.

*On Fox.*

T Here was a time, (wo. worth that heavy time)  
When rav'nous *Foxes* did devour the prime,  
And choice of all our *Lambs*: But Heav'n did raiſe  
A more ingenious Fox, in after dayes,  
Whoſe high immortal *Pen* redeem'd their breath,  
And made thoſe *Lambs* revive, in ſpight of death:  
To ſee, how mutuall Saintly *Favours* be!  
Thou gav'ſt them life, that now give life to thee.

The

81.

*On the Booke of Common Prayer.*

**T**He Booke of *Common Pray'r* excels the rest;  
 For *Pray'rs* that are most *Common* are the best.

82.

*TO MUNDANO.*

**W**Oldst thou *Mundano*, prove too great, too strong  
 For peevish *Fortunes* angry brow to wrong?  
 Renounce her power: Banish *Fortune* hence,  
 And trust thee to the hands of *Providence*;  
 The poorest heart that ever did importune  
 Heav'n's aid, is farre above the frownes of *Fortune*.

83.

*On Romes Sacrifices.*

**I**T cannot be excus'd: It is a wrong  
 Proceeding from a too-too partiall tongue,  
 To say, The profer'd service of false *Rome*  
 Had no good savour, and did never come  
 Toth' gates of Heav'n; Fie, poore *Rome's* belyed;  
 For when our *Tropes* of glorious Martyrs dy'd,  
 In that warm age, who were their *Priests*? By whom  
 Was their blood shed? Was't not by holy *Rome*?  
 Such sweet *Perfumes*, I dare be bold to say,  
*Rome* never burnt before, nor since that day:  
 A sweeter *Incense*, save his dying Son,  
 Heav'n ne'r accepted since this World begun.

It

84.

*On a dead Man.*

IT is a common use to entertaine  
The knowledge of a great man, by his *Trayne*:  
How great's the *dead man* then? There's none that  
So backt with troopes of *Followers*, as He. (be

85.

*On Corner sinners.*

SUCH men are like to *Owles*; They take delight,  
To make the night their day, their *day*, the night;  
They hate the *Sun*, and love dark corners best;  
But they shall houle, when *day-birds* are at rest.

86.

*On the Kite.*

MARKE but the soaring *Kite*; and she will reade  
Brave *rules* for Diet; teach thee how to feede;  
She flies aloft; She spreads her ayrie plumes  
Above the reach, above the nauseous fumes  
Of dang'rous *earth*; She makes her selfe a stranger  
T'inferiour things, and checks at ev'ry *danger*;  
At length, she stoopes; and, with a brave disdain  
She strikes her *Prey*, and mounts her up againe;  
By her example, learne to use the earth,  
And thou shalt find lesse *mischiefe*, and more *mirth*.

Q

*Formia*

87.

## ON FORMIO.

**F**ormio bewailes his *sins*, with the same heart,  
 As *Friends* do *Friends*, when they'r about to part,  
 Beleeve it, *Formio* will not entertaine  
 A merry thought, untill they meet againe.

88.

## Onosome finnes.

**H**ow loath is *Flesh* to yeeld! the *Spirit*, to win  
 The glorious Conquest of a *Bosome sin*!  
 O, how th'ingenuous *flesh* will plead! abuse  
 The height of *Wis*, to argue, or excuse:  
 At length, it yeelds: O, give it leave to stay  
 A yeare; a moneth; a weeke; at least, a day;  
 And if not so, yet let my breaking heart  
 But hugg it once or twice, before we part;  
 Let me but take my leave, my thoughts shal bind me  
 From the least touch; let me but looke behind me:  
 Nay sin, *Gehezi-like*, will have a blow  
 At cleansed *Naamans* bounty, ere she goe.

89.

## On the Eccho.

**A**N *Eccho's* nothing, but a forc'd rebound,  
 Or airy repercussion of a sound,  
 Proceeding from some hollow place, well knowne  
 To have no Bulk, no Being of her owne:

It

It is no *substance*; nothing, but a *Noise*;  
 An *empty sound*; the *picture* of a voice:  
 Such is my *Courtly Friend*; at my request;  
 Hee'l breath his service from his hollow brest,  
 And *Eccho*-like for every word that's blowne  
 Into his eares, returns me *two*, for *one*;  
 But when they come to th'*Test*, alas they'r found  
 More light then *Ayre*, meere *shadows* of a Sound;  
 Ile trust my God; His bountry still affords  
 As many *deeds*, as my false Friends do *words*.

90.

On a Water-Mill.

**T**HE formall Christian's like a *Water-mill*:  
 Untill the *Flood-gate's* open, he lies still:  
 He cannot work at all; he cannot dreame  
 Of going: till his wheelles shall find the *streame*.

91:

On Paul and Apollos.

**I**S not, what this man, or what that man faith,  
 Brings the least *stone*, toth'building of my faith;  
 My eare may ramble, but my *Conscience* followes  
 No man: I'me neither *Pauls*, nor yet *Apollo's*:  
 When Scripture *gold* lies by me, is it just  
 To take up my Salvation, upon *Trust*?  
 My Faith shall be confin'd to no mans *Lifts*;  
 Ile onely follow *Paul*, as *Paul* is *Christs*.

92.

ON MORVS.

**I**F a poore timorous *Hare* but crosse the way,  
*Morus* will keepe his chamber all the day;  
 What *Evill* portends it, *Morus*? It does show,  
 That *Morus* is not wise, for thinking so.  
 But *Morus* keeps his *Chamber*: There will be,  
*Morus*, one Foole the lesse abroad by Thee.

93.

On some Faiths.

**S**OME Faiths are like those *Mills*, that cannot grind  
 Their *Corne*, unless they worke against the *Wind*.

94.

On the Temporizer.

**H**E seemes to be a *Man of Warre*; His sayle  
 Being fill'd and prosper'd with a fore-right *Gale*,  
 Makes speedy way; and, with her *Keele*, divides  
 The sparkling furrowes of the swelling *Tides*;  
 Or if the wind should slack, or cease to blow,  
 Can make a shift to *Tide* it to and fro;  
 But if it prove a *Storme*, or the wind crosse,  
 His wavering *Bottom* soone begins to tosse  
 Upon the troubled *waves*, without regard  
 Of either *stare*, or yet the *Sea-mans Card*;  
 His prouder *Courage* quales, & the rough weather  
 Transports his wandring *keel*, he knows not whither;  
 Till

Till, after many a ruine-threatning knock,  
He's over-whelm'd or split upon a *Rock*.

95.

*On our finnes.*

**I**T is an Errour ev'n as *foule*, to call  
Our finnes too *great* for pardon, as too *small*.

96.

*On the Hypocrite.*

**H**Ee's like a *Christmas Candle*, whose good name  
Crowns his faire actions with a glorious *flame*;  
Burnes cleare and bright, and leaves no ground for  
To question, but he stinks at going out; (doubt  
When Death puffs out his *Flame*, the snuff will tell  
If he were *Waxe* or *Tallow*, by the smell.

97.

*On Secret-mungers.*

**H**E, that at *Secrets*, shall compose his aime,  
Is like the *Flie* that sports about the *Flame*;  
He never leaves to buzze, untill he brings  
*Himselfe* to ruine; or at least, his *wings* :  
And like a desp'rate *Fly*, though he has bin  
Once scorcht, hee'l venture at the *Flame* agin.

98.

*On a Flye.*

**T**He Sun-delighting *Flye* repaires, at first  
 To the full *Cup*, onely to quench her thirst;  
 But, oftentimes, she sports about the *Brink*,  
 And sips so long till she be drownd in *drink*:  
 When wanton leysure shall present thine eye  
 With lavish *Cups*, *Remember but the Flye.*

99.

*On Scripture and Apocrypha.*

**W**Hen as the *Scripture* opens to mine eyes,  
 I see my Lord in's *Bed*: But when I meet  
 Th' *Apocrypha* at th' end, me thinks it lyes,  
 Like his well count'nanc'd *Page*, at the *Beds feet*;  
 Who wears his Lords *old Cloths*, made lesse; & sayes  
 His owne *Inventions* in his Masters *Phrase*.

100.

## To my BOOKE.

**H**ere comes a Criticke; Close thy *Page*:  
 Thou art no Subject for this *Age*:  
 And censure, oftentimes, yee know,  
 Will strike the Dove, and spare the Crow:  
 But hold; Thy Guilt does not require  
 That thou shouldst lurke, or yet retire;

Bet



*Be open as the Eye of Noone :  
And let Dogs barke against the Moone :  
Thou hast no Luster of thy owne,  
But whas's deriv'd from Heav'n alone.  
Feare not : Thy Heav'n-instructed Page,  
Will eisher please, or teach the Age.*

**The end of the second Book.**

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1. The first of these is the fact that the  
 2. second of these is the fact that the  
 3. third of these is the fact that the  
 4. fourth of these is the fact that the  
 5. fifth of these is the fact that the  
 6. sixth of these is the fact that the  
 7. seventh of these is the fact that the  
 8. eighth of these is the fact that the  
 9. ninth of these is the fact that the  
 10. tenth of these is the fact that the

11-6-62 10:00 AM



DIVINE  
FANCIES.

The third Booke.

I.

*On old Wine and new.*



Ld crazy *Casks* are not design'd  
to hold

*New Wines*; nor yet new Vessels,  
for the *Old*:

*Old* must, with *old*; and *new*, with *new*, be fill'd:

Else will the vessels *breake*, and Wine be *spill'd*:

These empty *Vessels* are thy heart and mine;

The *Law* and *Gospel* represents the Wine:

The new's the *Spirit*, and the old's the *Letter*;

With reverence to the Text, *The new's the better*.

R

His

2.  
On Zacharias and the blessed Virgin.

**H**is tongue requir'd a *Signe*, which might afford  
A clearer *Evidence*; then the Angels word;  
And had it too: Untill those things shall come  
To passe, his faithlesse lips are stricken *dumb*:  
Our blessed *Virgin*, at her *Salutation*,  
Seem'd ev'n as *faithles*, on the selfe same fashion  
Her lips reply'd: *And how can these things be?*  
Hard Justice! why *he* punisht, and not *she*?  
The Reason's easie to be riddeld out;  
Hers was the voice of *Wonder*; His, of *doubs*.

3.  
On a Picture.

**S**ome *Pictures*, with a fore right eye, if seene;  
Present unto the view some beautilous *Lucene*;  
But step aside, and it objects the shape,  
On this side, of an *Owle*: on that, an *Ape*:  
Looke full upon the world, It proves the *Story*,  
And beautilous *Picture* of th' *Almighties Glory*;  
But if thy change of *Posture* leade thy sight  
From the full view, to th' *left hand*, or the *right*,  
It offers to thine eye, but painted *Toyes*,  
*Poore antick Pleasures*, and *deceitfull Ioyes*.

4.

## ON SERVIO.

**S**ervio's in Law : If *Servio* cannot pay  
His *Lawyers* Fee, *Servio* may lose the day;  
No wonder, formall *Servio* does trudge  
So oft to Church : He goes to *Bribe* his Judge.

5.

## ON PETERS COCKE.

**T**He Cock crow'd *once*, And *Peters* carelesse eare  
Could heare it, but his eye not spend a teare :  
The Cock crow'd *twice*, *Peter* began to creepe  
To th' *Fier* side, but *Peter* could not weepe :  
The Cock crow'd *thrice* : Our Saviour turn'd about,  
And look'd on *Peter* ; Now his teares burst out :  
'Twas not the *Cock*, It was our Saviours Eye.  
Till he shall give us teares, we cannot crye.

6.

## ON AMBIDEXTER.

**G**od keepe my *Goods*, my *Name*, they never fall  
Into the Net of *Ambidexters* Lawes ;  
But, for a *Cause*, he seldome prayes at all ;  
But curses, evermore, without a *Cause* :  
I'de rather have his *Curses*, all the day,  
Then give his *Conscience* the least cause to pray.

## 7.

*On Lazarus, the Damofell, and a sinner.*

**L** *Az'rus* come forth? why could not *Laz'rus* plead,  
 I cannot come, great God, for I am dead:  
*Dam'sell* arise? when *Death* had clos'd her cyes,  
 What power had the *Dam'sell* to arise?  
*Sinner* repent? Can we as dead, in sin,  
 As *Laz'rus*, or the *Dam'sell*, live agin?  
 Admit we could; could we appoint the hower?  
 The *Voyce* that calls, gives, and gives then the power.

## 8.

*On Sinne.*

**H**ow, how am I deceiv'd! I thought my bed  
 Had entertain'd a faire, a beauteous *Bride*:  
 O, how were my beleiving thoughts misled  
 To a false *Beauty*, lying by my side!  
     Sweet were her *Kisses*, full of choyce delight;  
     My Fancy found no difference in the *night*.  
 I thought they were true *Joyes*, that thus had led  
 My darkned Soule, But they were false *Alarmes*;  
 I thought I'd had faire *Rachel* in my Bed,  
 But I had bleare-ey'd *Leah* in my armes:  
 How seeming sweet is *Sin*, whē cloathd with *Night*;  
 But, when discover'd, what a loathd delight.

9.

*On Repentance.*

**T**Is not, to *Cry God mercy*, or to sit  
 And droope ; or to confesse, that thou hast faild;  
 Tis, to bewaile the sinnes, thou didst commit,  
 And not commit those sinnes, thou hast bewaild :  
 He that bewailes, and not forsakes them too,  
 Confesses, rather, what he meanes to doe.

10.

*On Man.*

**M**An is a moving *Limbeck*, to distill  
 Sweet smelling waters ; wherewithall to fill  
 Gods empty *Bottle* : Lord doe thou inspire  
 Thy quickning *spirit* ; Put in thy sacred *Fire* ;  
 And then mine eyes shall never cease to drop,  
 Till they have brimd thy *Bottle*, to the Top :  
 I can doe nothing, Lord, till thou inspire :  
 I'm a cold *Limbeck*, but expecting *Fire*.

11.

*On the pouring out of our hearts.*

**T**Is easie to *poure in* : But few, I doubt,  
 Attaine that curious Art, of *pouring out* :  
 Some poure their hearts, like *oyle*, that there resides  
 An unctious substance still, about the sides :  
 Others, like *Wine* ; which, though the *substance* passe,  
 Does leave a *kinde of savour* in the Glasse ;

R 3 ;

Some

Some pour their *hearts* like *Milk*, whose *hiew* distaines  
 Though neither *Substance*, nor the *sent* remains:  
 How shall we poure *them*, then; that *smel*, nor *matter*,  
 Nor *colour* stay? Poure out your *hearts* like *water*.

12.

On Friends.

GOD sheild me from those friends, I *trust*; and be  
 My firme defence from such, as *trust* not Thee.

13.

On the Hypocrite.

H<sup>E</sup>E's like a *Bul-rush*; seemes so smooth, that not  
 The eye of *Cate* can discry a knot:  
 Pill but the *Barks*, and strip his smoother skin,  
 And thou shalt find him spungie, all within:  
 His browes are alwaies ponderous as *Lead*,  
 He ever droopes, and hangs his *velvet* head:  
 He washes often; but, if thou enquire  
 Into his depth, his rootes are fixt in *myre*.

14.

On SERVIO.

SERVIO would thrive; and therefore, do's obey  
 Gods Law, and shuts up *Sshop* oth' Sabbath day:  
 SERVIO would prosper in his home affaires,  
 And therefore dares not misse his *Diet-Prayres*,  
 SERVIO must put to *Sea*, and does implore;  
 Toth' end, that he might safely come *ashore*.

SERVIO'S



*Servio's* in Suit, and therefore must be tryed  
 To Morning prayer, untill his *Cause* be tryed:  
*Servio* begins to loath a Single life,  
 And therefore prayes for a high-portion'd *Wife*:  
*Servio* would faine be thought religious too,  
 And therefore prayes as the *Religious* doe:  
*Servio* still prayes for *Profit*, or *Applause*;  
*Servio* will seldome pray, without a *Cause*.

## 15.

*On the Devils Master-Piece.*

THIS is the height the Devils *Art* can show,  
 To make Man proud, because he is not so.

## 16.

*On our Saviours Fishing.*

WHEN as our blessed Saviour rooke in hand  
 To be a *Fisher*; Marke the rule he keepes;  
 He first puts off a little from the Land;  
 And, by degrees, he launch'd into the *Deepe*:  
 By whole example, our *Men-fishers* hold  
 The selfe same course; They do the same, or should.

## 17.

*On Mans greatest Enemy.*

OF all those mortall Enemies, that take part  
 Against my Peace, Lord, keep me from my *Hearts*.  
 Hee's

18.

*On the Hypocrite.*

**H**Ec's like a *Reed*, that alwayes does reside,  
 Like a well planted *Tree*, by th'water side;  
 He beares no other fruit, but a vaine bragge  
 Of formall sanctity: A very *Flagge*:  
 Hee's round, and full of substance, to the show  
 But hollow hearted, if enquir'd into:  
 In peacefull seasons, when the weather's faire,  
 Stands firme; but shakes, with every blast of *Aire*.

19.

*On the holy Scriptures.*

**W**Hy did our blessed Saviour please to breake  
 His sacred thoughts in *Parables*; and speake  
 In darke *Enigma's*? Whosoere thou be  
 That findest them so, they were not spoke to Thee:  
 In what a case is he, that haps to runne  
 Against a post, and cries, *How dark's the Sunne*?  
 Or he, in Summer, that complaines of *Frost*?  
 The Gospell's hid to none, but who are lost:  
 The Scripture is a *Ford*, wherein 'tis said,  
 An Elephant shall swim; a Lambe may wade.

20.

*On Mans heart.*

**N**ature presents my heart in *Ore*;  
 Faire civill cariage gilds it ore;

Which

Which, when th' Almighty shall behold  
 With a pleas'd eye, he brings to gold:  
 Thus chang'd, the Temple Ballance weighs it;  
 If dross remaine, the Touch bewrayes it;  
 Afflictions Furnace then refines it;  
 Gods holy Spirit stamps and coynes it:  
 No Coyne so currant; it will goe  
 For the best Wares, that Heav'n can show.

21.

On Drunkenesse.

**M**ost Sins, at least, please Sense; but this is treason  
 Not only 'gainst the crowne of Sense, but Reason.

22.

On a Kisse.

**E**re since our blessed Saviour was betrayd  
 With a Lip-Kisse, his Vicar is afraid:  
 From whence, perchance, this comon use did grow  
 To kisse his tother End; I meane his Toe.

23.

On the Alchymist.

**T**he patient Alchymist, whose vaine desire,  
 By Art, is to dissemble Natures Fire,  
 Imployes his labour, to transmute the old,  
 And baser substance into perfect Gold:  
 He laughs at unbelievers, scornes and flouts  
 Illiterate Counsell; neither cares, nor doubts:  
 S Untill,

Untill, at length, by his ingenious *Itch*,  
 Hee's brought most poore, in seeking to be rich:  
 Such is the *Civill man*; that by his even  
 And levell actions hopes to merit Heaven;  
 He thinks, by helpe of *Nature*, to acquire,  
 At least to counterfeite the sacred Fire  
 Of saving *Grace*, to purge and to refresh  
 His base desires, and change his *stone* to *flesh*:  
 He spurnes at Counsell; He derides and jerks  
 Those whining Spirits that renounce their *works*;  
 Till, too much trusting to their doing well,  
 In seeking Heav'n, they find the flames of Hell.

24.

*On the ten Lepers.*

**T**EN *Lepers* censed? And but one, of ten  
 Returne the *clausse* thanks? Ungratefull men!  
 But *Ten* i'th' *Hundred*? That's a *Gain*e that we  
 Receive or *Sue*, yet oft deny it *Thee*.

25.

*On the last Epigram.*

**H**OW, how am I deceiv'd, that speake to thee  
 Of *Interest*, when the purchase was in *Fee*?  
 Thou mad'st a cleane *Conveyance* to the *Ten*,  
 And ne'r expectd'st the *Principall* agen:  
 Lord, we must reckon by another *Rate*:  
 They gave not one yeares *Purchase* for th' *Estate*:  
 Lord, how we palter with thee! We pretend  
 A present *Payment*, till w<sup>e</sup> obtaine our *End*:

And

And then we crave, and crave a longer Day,  
Then pay in *Driblets*, or else, never pay.

26.

*On the Boxe of Oyntment.*

**I**T is no wonder, he, above the rest,  
Whom *thirty pieces* tempted to betray  
The Lord of *Glory* to his death, profess  
The *Boxe of oyntment* was but cast away:  
He that dare *murther* at so small a cost,  
May eas'ly think the charge in *Buriall*, lost.

27.

*On Mary and Judas.*

**M**ary did kisse him: *Judas* kist him too,  
But both their aimes were cover'd in a *mist*,  
Both kisse our Saviour; but their kisses doe  
Differ as farre as did the *Parts* they kist:  
There's danger still, where double hearts doe steale  
The forme of *Love*, or weare the cloake of *Zeale*.

28.

*On our Saviour and his Vicar.*

**M**E thinks thy *Vicar Gen'rall* beares the *Keyes*,  
And executes thy *Place*, with greater ease,  
And in on *Iubile*, enjoyes more mirth,  
Then thou, my dying Lord, didst from thy Birth,  
Alas: Thou hadst not, wherewithall to fill  
Thy craving stomach: He has *Cates* at will:

S 2

Thy

Thy empty Coffers had not to defray  
 Thy *Tribute charge* : To him Kings *Tribute* pay ;  
 Foxes have holes ; Thou hadst not, whereupon  
 To rest thy wakefull head : He snorts in *Downe* :  
 In short, Thy life was nothing but the Story  
 Of *Poverty* ; and his, of Princely *Glory* :  
 When tempting Sathan would have giv'n thee all  
 The *wealth* and *glory* of the World, to fall  
 And worship him ; at thy refusal, Lord,  
 Thy Vicar tooke the *Tempter* at his word ;  
 So came thy wants so great ; so great his store ;  
 The Vicar so-so rich ; the Lord, so *poore*.

29

On the great Prelate.

O Ur Saviours Feet were kist : The people doe  
 The very same to thee, great Prelate ; too ;  
 O, who will seate but such another *Kisse*  
 Upon thy *Lips*, our Saviour had on his !

30

On Idolatry.

An common madnesse find a thing, that's more  
 Repugnant to the very Lawes of *Nature* ;  
 That the *Creators Image* should adore  
 The senseless Image of a *senfuall creature* !  
 If such be Gods ; if such our helpers be,  
 O, what are Men ! How more then Beasts are we !

That  
 : ill on his water new, non shad not :  
 : ill to rest : he has Cates will :

31.

*On the Tables of Stone.*

**T**hat stony *Table* could receive the print  
 Of thy just *Lawes*; Thy *Lawes* were written in't:  
 It could be hew'd, and letters grav'n thereon;  
 Sure, Lord, my Heart is harder then that *stone*.

32.

*On Mans three Enemies.*

**T**here's three, that with their fiery *Darts*, do level  
 Against my Soule, the *World*, the *Flesh*, the *Devill*.  
 Lord, give me patience, if not strength; For there  
 Are *Three* t'afflict me; I'm but *One*, to beare.

33.

*ON DINAH.*

**W**hen *Dinahs* careless *Eye* was grown too lavish  
 To entertaine, *Sechem* found time to ravish:  
*It is no lesse then silent invitation,*  
*Although we scorn the sin, to give th'occasion:*  
 Sure *Dinahs* Resolution was too strong,  
 Or to admit, or not resist a *Wrong*,  
 And scornes to stoope to the *Adul'ters* armes;  
*We often burne, intending but to warme's:*  
 She went but out to see; Perchance, to heare  
 What *Luist* could say: What harme to lend an eare?  
*Another's sin, sometimes, procures our shames:*  
*It stains our Bodies; or, at least, our Names.*

S 3

Mark,

34.

## ON FIDO.

**M**ARK, when the good man prospers with his *plot*,  
 Hee's still envy'd; despis'd, if prosper not;  
 The Wicked have no *peace* with God; And, then,  
 How canst thou, *Fido*, look t'have *peace* with men?

35.

## ON JACOB.

**H**OW *Jacob's* troop'd: *Laban* pursues with one  
 Great *Troop*; and *Esau* meets him with another.  
*Laban* resolves to apprehend his Son:  
*Esau*, to be reveng'd upon his Brother:;  
*Me thinks I see how Jacob stands supplide,*  
*Like Vertue with a Vice on either side:*  
*Laban* pursues him, to regain his gods:  
*Esau*, t'avenge his *Birth-right* and his *Blessing*:  
 What hope has *Jacob* now? *'Twixt both, 'tis odds,*  
 There will be either *Death*, or *Dispossessing*:  
*God takes delight to turne our helper, then,*  
*When all our helps and hopes are past with men.*  
*Laban* encounters *Jacob*: He requires  
 His gods: And *Esau's* neare at hand, by this:  
*Laban's* appeas'd; and quencht are *Esaus* Fires;  
 T'one leaves him; T'other meets him with a *Kisse*:  
*Jacob's* in league with both: *The Soule that shall*  
*Have peace with God, has League with with all.*

It



36.

*On Drunkenesse.*

**I**T is a *Thiefe*; that, oft, before his face,  
Steales *Man* away, and layes a *Beast* in's place.

37.

*On a Tennis-Court.*

**M**AN is a *Tennis-Court*: His *Flesh*, the *Wall*:  
The *Gamesters* *God*, and *Satan*. Th'heart's the  
The higher and the lower *Hazzards* are (Ball:  
Too bold *Presumption*, and too base *Despaire*:  
The *Rackets*, which our restlesse *Balls* make flye,  
*Adversity*, and sweet *Prosperity*:  
The *Angels* keepe the *Court*, and marke the place,  
Where the *Ball* falls, and chaulk out ev'ry *Chase*:  
The *Line's* a *Civill* life we often crosse,  
Ore which, the *Ball* not flying, makes a *Losse*:  
*Detractors* are like *Standers-by*, that bett  
With *Charitable* men: Our *Life's* the *Sett*:  
Lord, In this *Conflict*, in these fierce *Assaults*,  
*Laborious* *Sathan* makes a world of *Faults*:  
Forgive them Lord, although he ne'r implore  
For favour: They'l be set upon our *score*:  
O, take the *Ball*, before it come toth' ground,  
For this base *Court* has many a *false Rebound*:  
Strike, and strike hard, but strike above the *Line*:  
Strike where thou please, so as the *Sett* be thine.

*Abel:*

38.

## On Abels Blood.

**A**bel was silent, but his blood was strong,  
 Each drop of guiltles blood, commands a tongue;  
 A tongue, that cries; 'Tis not a tongue, implors  
 For gentle Audience; 'Tis a tongue that rores  
 For hideous Vengeance: 'Tis a tongue that's bold  
 And full of Courage, and that cannot hold:  
 O, what a noise my Blessed Saviours Blood (loud!  
 Makes now in heav'n! how strong it cries! how  
 But not for Vengeance: From his side, has sprung  
 A world of drops; From ev'ry drop, a Tongue.

39.

## On the Memory.

**D**oes thy corrected Frailty still complaine  
 Of thy disloyall Memory? do'st retaine  
 Nothing that's Good; And is the better part  
 Of what thou hear'st, before it warme thy heart,  
 Snatcht from thy false Remembrance? Is the most  
 Of what th'inspired Prophets tell thee, lost  
 In thy unhospitable eares? And not  
 To be recall'd? Quite buried? Quite forgot?  
 Feare not: Thou hast a Chanc'lour in thy Breast,  
 That keeps th' Exchequer, and hoards up the least,  
 The poorest summe: No, no, thou needst not feare,  
 There's nothing will be lost that's taken there:  
 Thinkst thou, that thou hast lost that piece of Gold  
 That's dropt into a fairer Heape, untold?

Or

Or canst thou judge that *Fier*, clos'd about  
 With rak'd up *Embers*, 'cause not seene, is out?  
*Gold*, lost in greater *summes*, is still thine owne;  
 And rak'd up *Embers* will, in time, be blowne (lost,  
 To *Flames*: Beleeve't the *Words* thine eares have  
 Thy *heart* will find, when thou shalt need *them* most.

## 40.

## On the Babel-Builders.

**S**ure, if those *Babel-builders* had thought good  
 To raise their heav'n-high *Tower* before the *Flood*,  
 The wiser sort of people might deride  
 Their *Folly*, and that *Folly* had salv'd their *Pride*;  
 Or had their *Faiths* but enterpriz'd that *Plot*,  
 Their *hearts* had finish'd what their *hands* could nor;  
 'Twas not for love of Heav'n: nor did they aime  
 So much to raise a *Building*; as a *Name*:  
 They that by *Works* shall seeke to make intrusion  
 To Heav'n, find nothing but their owne *Confusion*.

## 41.

## On Esau and Jacob.

**E**sau goes forth; strives, with his owne disquiet,  
 To purchase *Ven'son* for his Fathers Diet:  
*Jacob* abides at home; and, by his *Mother*,  
 Is taught the way, how to supplant his brother:  
 There's some that hunt, like *Esau*, sweat and toile,  
 And seeke their *Blessing* by their owne *Turmoile*;  
 Whilst others crave assistance, and bewray  
 Their wiser *weaknesse*, in a safer *Way*:

O, if the Church my *Mother* will instruct me ;  
 Make *savoury Meate*, and cloath me, and conduct me  
 Into my Fathers *Armes*, these hands shall never  
 Trust to the pooreness of their owne *Endevor* :  
 Bring I a *Kid* but of my *Mothers* dressing,  
 'Twill please my *Father*, and procure my *Blessing*.

42.

*On severall Sinnes.*

*Grosse Sinne.*

**I**S like a *show'r*, which ere wee can get in  
 Into our Conscience, wets us to the skin.

*Sinne of Infirmity.*

**I**S like the falling of an *Aprill shower* ;  
 'Tis often *Raine*, and *Sun-shine*, in an hower.

*Sinne of Custome.*

**I**S a long *showre*, beginning with the Light,  
 Oft-times continuing till the *Dead of Night*.

*Sinne of Ignorance.*

**I**T is a hideous *Mist*, that wets amaine,  
 Though it appeare not in the forme of *Raine*.

*Crying sinne.*

**I**T is a sudden *showre*, that teares in sunder  
The *Cope* of *heav'n*, & alway comes with *Thunder*.

*Sinne of Delight.*

**I**S like a *fethered showre of Snow*, not felt,  
But soakes toth' very skin, when ere it melt:

*Sinne of Presumption.*

**D**Oes like a *showre of Hayle*, both wet and wound  
With sudden death: or strikes us to the *Ground*.

*The sin of finnes.*

**I**T is a *sulph'rous shower*, such as fell  
On *Sodom*, strikes, and strikes toth' *Pit of Hell*.

43.

*On these showres.*

**G**OOD God! what *Weather's* here! These foules  
Have still the luck to travell in a *showre*: (of our  
Lord, we are cold and pitifully drencht;  
Not a drie threed; And all our *Fier's* quencht:

T 2

Our

Our very Blood is cold; Our trembling knees  
 Are mutuall *Anvils*; Lord, we stand and freeze:  
 Alas we find small comfort from the *Eye*  
 Of Heav'n; These showring *clouds*, our *sins*, doe flye  
 Betwixt the *sun* and us: We dry no more,  
 Then if the *sun* had giv'n his office o'r:  
 Nay Lord; if now and then those *Beames* do chance  
 To breake upon's, and lend a feeble glaunce  
 Upon our reeking *soules*, ere we begin  
 To feele the warmth, w'are dous'd and drencht agin:  
 In wat a case are we! Our nightly *damps*  
 And dayly *storms*, have fill'd our *Soules* with *Cramps*,  
 With wav'ring *Palseys*, and our hoarser tongues  
 Can doe thee service, nor in *Prayers* nor *Songs*:  
 Our *Zeales* are *Aguish*; hot and cold: They bee  
 Extreame hot toth' *World*, as col'd to *Thee*;  
 Our Blood has got a *Fever*: Lord, it must  
 Be set on fire with every wanton *Lust*: (not  
 What worlds of mischiefes are there, that prevaile  
 Upon our fainting *Soules*? What is't we aile not,  
 That Wet and Cold can bring? Yet have no power  
 To keepe us in, but dable in the *Shower*:  
 Shine forth, bright *Sun* of glory; Be as feirce,  
 As these eclipsing *Clouds* are blacke; Disperse  
 And cleare them with thy stronger beams, that thus  
 Dare interpose betwixt thy Glory, and us:  
 Reflect on my distempered *Soule*; Refine  
 This vap'rous *Earth*, this sinfull *Flesh* of mine,  
 That, tho' some *Drops* must fall, I may have power,  
 Shelter'd by Thee, t'avoid the down-right *Shower*;  
 O let my dabled *spirit* still retire  
 To thee, and warme her by thy Sacred *Fire*;

That having ravill'd out some weary howers,  
She may arrive where's neither *Clouds* nor *showers*.

44.

*On Dives and Lazarus.*

**I**D ever *Judge* more equally proceed  
To punish *sin*? for right, in kind, and nature?  
Poore *Laz'rus* was refus'd a *Crumb* of Bread;  
And *Dives* was deny'd a *Drop* of Water:  
*Children are oftentimes so like the mother,*  
*That men may eas'ly know the one, by th' other.*

45.

*On two Suitors.*

**T**He *Soule* is like a *Virgin*; for whose love  
Two jealous *Suitors* strive: Both daily move  
For Nuptiall favour; Both, with Lovers Art,  
Plead for the Conquest of the Virgins heart:  
The first, approaching, knockt, and knockt agin;  
The *Doore* being op'ned, at his entring in,  
He blush'd; and (as yong bashfull Lovers use)  
Is more then halfe discouraged, ere he sues:  
At length, that love, that taught him what to feare,  
Gave resolution to present her eare  
With what he hop'd, and in a lovers fashion,  
He oft repeates the Story of his *Passion*:  
He vows his *Faith*, and the sincere perfection,  
Of undissembled, and entire *Affection*;  
He sues for equall mercy from her Eye;  
And must have love, or else, for love, must dye:

T 3

His

His present meanes were short : He made profession  
 Of a faire *joynture*, though but small *possession* :  
 And in a word, to make his *passion* good,  
 He offers to deserve her with his Blood :  
 The other boldly enters : with the strong  
 And sweet-lip'd *Reth'ricke* of a Courtly tongue,  
 Salutes her gentle eares : His lips discover  
 The amorous language of a wanton *Lover* :  
 He smiles and faunes, and now and then lets flye  
 Imperious *glances* from his sparkling Eye ;  
 Bribes her more *orient neck* with *Pearl* ; with *charms*-  
 -Enclosing *Bracelets* decks her ivory *Armes* ;  
 He boasts th'extent of his Imperiall Power,  
 And offers Wealth and Glory for a *Dower* :  
 Betwixt them both, the Virgin stands perplext ;  
 The first Tale pleas'd her well, untill the next  
 Was told : She lik'd the one, the other, Loth  
 To make a choice : She could affect them *Both* :  
 The one was Jocund, full of sprightly mirth :  
 The other, better borne ; of Nobler birth :  
 The second su'de in a compleater fashion ;  
 I, but the first show'd deeper wounds of Passion :  
 The first was sadly modest : And the last  
 More rudely pleasant : His faire lookes did cast  
 More am'rous flames ; But yet the tothers eye  
 Did promise greater Nuptiall *Loyalty* :  
 The last's more rich ; yet Riches, but for life,  
 Make a poore *Widow*, of a happy *Wife* :  
 The first's *Estate's* but small, if not made good  
 By Death : Faire *joyntures* comfort *Widowhood* :  
 Whom shall this *Virgin* chuse ? Her thoughts approve  
 The last, for present *wealth*, the first, for *love* :

Both



Both may not be enjoy'd : Her heart must smother  
Her love to *one*, if she affect the *other*.  
Ah, silly *Virgin*, Is the choice so hard  
In two extreames? Can thy weake thoughts reward  
Two so unequall, with a like respect?  
Knowst thou not which to slight, and which t'affect?  
Submit to better judgement, and advise  
With thy best *Friend* : O trust not thine owne eyes:  
This *last*, that seemes so pleasant, so acute,  
Is but a *slave*, drest in his Lords old *Suit* :  
He brags of *glory*, and of Princely Power,  
When he is kickt and baffled every hower :  
The *Treasure* that he boasts is not his owne,  
He basely stole it, and the *Theft* is knowne ;  
For which, he is arraign'd, condemn'd to th'paines  
Of *death* ; His sentence is, to hang in *Chaines* :  
His plot's to bring thee in as deepe as He ;  
Beleeve't, It is thy *Blood* he seekes, not *Thee* :  
The *Bribes* he gave thee, are but stolne : Fond *Girl*,  
Discard those *Bracelets*, and disclaime that *Pearle* :  
The *first*, whose oft repeated knocks did crave  
Admittance, was the Lord to that base *slave* :  
His *Faith* is loyall, and as firme his *Vow* :  
To him, his life's not halfe so deare, as thou :  
That *wealth*, that *honour*, that dissembled *power*,  
That pleasant *Peasant* offer'd as a *Dower*,  
Is that faire Lords : Nor *peace*, nor *pow'r*, nor *wealth*  
Can any challenge from him, but by stealth :  
Match there, my Soule, and let thy sacred Vowes  
Plight holy Contracts with so sweet a Spouse :  
His left hand's full of *treasure* ; And his right ;  
Of *peace*, and *honour*, and unknowne *delights* :

Hee'll

Hee'l give thee *wealth*; and in that wealth, content,  
 For present meanes; And (when thy *glasse* has spent  
 Her latest Sand, that Time untransitory  
 Thy dayes) a Joynture of *Eternall Glory*.

46.

*On the old and new Garment.*

**N***EW Garments* being brought, who is't that would  
 Not scorne to live a Pris'ner to the *old*?  
 Yet though our bounteous Saviour, at his cost,  
 Presents us *new*, we love the *old ones* most:  
 Alas, they pinch us! O, they sit too strait!  
 They are too combersome! too great a waight!  
 No, no; the *old* were too too light, too great;  
 So we have ease, we care not to be neat:  
 Like tyred Jades, our better wills repaire  
 To a foule *Stable*, then t'a *Rode* that's faire.

47.

*On Mans Co-operation.*

**W***E* are not *Blocks*: We must expect the *Call*;  
 And, being cal'd, must *move*, and *rise* withall:  
 The *Voyce* were needlesse, and as good be dumb,  
 As, with the *Call*, not give the *pow'r* to come:  
 Deserves he food, that thinks it vaine to gape?  
 Christ takes his Spouse by *Contract*, not by *Rape*.

The

48.

*On the old and new Tables.*

**T**He former *Tables* of the Law were broken,  
 And left no Monuments of themselves, no toke,  
 No Signe that ever such things were : But marke,  
 The *later* were kept holy in the *Arke* :  
 Those *Tables* are our *Hearts*. Can we be bold  
 To looke for *new*, and yet not breake the *old*?  
 Or can the ruines of the old find place  
 In th' Ark of *Glory*, not repair'd by *Grace*?  
 Dismount, O blessed *Moses*, and renew  
 Those *Tables* thou hast broken, or make *new*.

49.

*On a Crucifixe.*

**W**Hy not the *Piçture* of our dying Lord,  
 As of a Friend? Nor *this*, nor *that's* ador'd :  
 Does not th' *Eternall Law* command, that thou  
 Shalt ev'n as well forbear to make, as bow?  
 Not to so good an end? T'advance his *Passion*?  
 The gold being pure, what matter for the *Fashion*;  
 Take heed : The purest gold does often take  
 Some losse, some prejudice, for the *fashions* sake :  
 Not to a *Civill* end? To garnish *Halls*?  
 To deck our *windowes*? To adorne our *Walls*?  
 Shew bread must not be common : And the *Crosse*  
 Of holy Oyle admits no *Civill* use :  
 No, no ; the beauty of his *Piçture* lies  
 Within ; Tis th' object of our *Faith*, not *Eyes*.

V

Not

50.

*On praying to Saints.*

**N**Ot pray to *Saints*? Is not the *Warrant* ample,  
 If back with *Scripture*? strengthen'd with exam-  
 DId not that sweltring *Dives* make complaint (ple?  
 For water? was not *Abraham* a *Saint*?  
 Why should *Reformed Churches* then forbid it?  
 'Tis true: But tell me, what was *He*, that did it?

51.

*On Confession.*

**E**Xperience tels, That *Agues* are about  
 To weare away, when as our *Lips* breake out:  
 In Spirituall *Fevers*, there's the same expression  
 Of Health, when *lips* breake forth into *Confession*:  
 But mark: These hopefull *symptomes* never doe  
 Confirm the *Ague* gone, but faire to goe:  
 They doe not alwayes worke, what they portend;  
*Confession* profits not, unlesse we mend.

52.

*On SOLOMONS Rejoyce.*

**Y**oung man Rejoyce: What jolly mirth is here?  
 Let thy heart cheere thee: What delicious Cheare?  
 In thy young dayes: Thy Gates will relish sweeter:  
 Walk thy own wayes: Thy cares will passe the fleet:  
 Please thine own heart: Carve where it likes thee best:  
 Delight thine eye: And be a Joyfull Guest:

104

V

But

But know withall, The Day will come, whereon  
 Thy Iudge will doome thee for the deeds th'ast done:  
 O what a Feast! O what a Reckning's here!  
 The Cates are sweet; The Shar's extreamely deare:  
 Lord, I have been, and am a dayly Guest  
 (Too oft invited) at the *Yong mans* Feast:  
 The Reckning's great; Although I cannot pay,  
 I can Confesse; Great God, before this Day,  
 I had been dragd to the redeemlesse Tayle;  
 Hadst thou not pleas'd t'accept my Saviours Baile;  
 Lord, he must bear't I doubt: For I can get  
 Nor Coyne to pay, nor labour out the Debt:  
 I cannot digge, my Joynts are starke and lame,  
 But I can begge, although I beg with shame;  
 I have no Grace in begging; can receive  
 The first repulse: I have no Faith, to crave:  
 If th'entertainments of the Feast be these;  
 Lord give me Famine; take the Feast that please.

53.

## On Bread.

TAke up that bit of Bread: And understand,  
 What 'tis thou holdest in thy carelesse hand:  
 Observe it with thy thoughts, and it will reade thee  
 An usefull Lecture, ev'n as well as feed thee;  
 We stirre our Lands, or give directions how  
 But God must send a Season for the Plough:  
 We sowe our seeds; But sowe our seed in vaine,  
 If Heav'n deny the first, the later Raine;  
 Small prooffe in showrs, if heav'n's pleas'd hand shall  
 To blesse those showrs, nor crown the with increase.

The tender *Blades* appeare, before thine eye,  
 But, *unrefreshed* by heav'n, as soone they die :  
 The infant *Eares* shoot forth, and now begin  
 To corne : But God must hold his *Mildewes* in :  
 The *Harvest* come : But Clouds conspire together  
 Hands canot work,, till heav'n shall clear the *weather* :  
 At length 'tis reap'd : Between the *Barne* & *Furrow*  
 How many Offices poore Man runs thorow !  
 Now God has done his part : The rest we share  
 To Man : His providence takes now the care :  
 No ; yet it is not ours : The use alone,  
 Not bare possession makes the thing our owne :  
 Thy swelling *Barnes* have crownd thy full desire ;  
 But heav'n, when Mows should *sweat*, can make the  
 I, but the *sheaves* are thrasht, & the heap lies (fire;  
 In thy full *Garnier*. He that sent the *Flies*  
 To *Pharoes* Court, can, with as great an ease,  
 Send thee more wastfull *vermin* if he please :  
 Perchance 'tis grounded, kneded: and what though ?  
 Gods *Curse* is often temper'd with the *Dough* ;  
 Beleeve't the fruits of all thy toile, is *mine*,  
 Untill they be enjoy'd, as much as *thine* :  
 But now, *thas* fed thee : Is thy soule at rest ?  
 Perchance, thy stomach's dainty to digest :  
 No, if heav'n's following favour doe not last  
 From the first *Furrow* to the very *Tast* ;  
 Thy labour's lost : The *Bread* of all thy travill ;  
 Without that blessing, feeds no more then *Gratill* :  
 Now wastfull Man, thou may'st repose againe  
 That Modell of Gods *Providence* and thy *paine* :  
 That hitt of *Bread* ; And if thy Dog should fawne  
 Upon thy lappd, let not so deare a *Pawne* :

Of greater plenty be contemn'd and lost;  
Remember *how* it came, and *what* it cost.

54.

*On Faith and Reason.*

**T**Rue *Faith* and *Reason*, are the Soules two *Eyes*;  
*Faith* evermore lookes upward, and discryes  
Objects remote; but *Reason* can discover  
Things onely neare; sees nothing that's above her;  
They are not *Matches*; Often disagree;  
And sometimes both are clos'd, and neither see:  
*Faith* views the *Sun*; and *Reason*, but the *shade*;  
*T*one courts the *Mistresse*; t'other wooes the *Maid*;  
That sees the *Fire*; This, onely but the *Flint*,  
*The true-bred Christian* alwayes lookes a *squint*.

55.

*On Carnall Mirth.*

**W**Ho seekes to quench by helpe of *Carnall* friends  
Those fiery *Errants* that the conscience sends,  
Redeems his *Peace*, but with a further *Boyle*;  
Drinks in a *Fever*: quenches *Fire* with *Oyle*.  
Lord, if thou strike my *Conscience*; and that, *Me*:  
I will expect, and trust no *Friend*, but *Thee*.

56.

## On Prayer.

**P**ayer's like a *Vapour* fum'd from earth; that flies  
 To th' gates of Heav'n: It never rots ith' skies:  
 If *Faith* and *It* be joyn'd, it will obtaine,  
 And melt into a first and later *Raine*;  
 If *Faith* forsake her, and they part in sunder,  
 It falls in *Thunderbolts*; at least, in *Thunder*.

57.

## ON ANNA.

**W**Hat faithfull *Anna* by her *Teares* had done  
 Deserv'd the double duty of a Son:  
 She was a *double Parent*; pleas'd to doe  
 A double Office; *bore*, and got him too:  
 Thus *Samuel* was (It was lesse strange then rare)  
 Borne of her *Body*, gotten by her *Prayer*.

58.

## On a Gift.

**N**O lesse to give to thee; the gift is more  
 Our *owne*, being giv'n, great God; then 'twas  
 (before.



59.

*On my selfe.*

**I**F Righteous *Ely* was not vengeance-free,  
 How shall I scape! He was a Saint, to me:  
 Nay, Lord, how would my heart and comfort faile,  
 If I should weigh thy Mercies in our Scale!

60.

*On Iustification and Sanctification.*

**L**Ord, thou hast promis'd, *in* and *for* thy Christ,  
 To sanctifie where ere thou *Iustifi'st*:  
 Lord, all my Evils are Iustifi'd in thee;  
 Lord, let those Evils be sanctifi'd to me.

61.

*On Mans Love.*

**W**Hen think we, Lord: on thee! & when we do,  
 How feeble are our thoughts, & sinfull too!  
 How basely doe our crooked Soules engage  
 Themselves to Heav'n? We make thy Glory, *Page*  
 To our Salvation: Mans more servile heart  
 Loves what he'd *have* thee, Lord, not what thou *art*:  
 This is the very best of Man; wherein  
 We are apt to think we *merit* more, then *sin*.  
 But there's a baser *Love*: Our chiefe respects  
 Have meere relation to our owne *Defects*,  
 Like Does we faune upon our Masters *Laps*,  
 With dirty feet, and onely love for *Scraps*.

But

But there's a baser yet : We love for *fear*,  
 Finding, like *Kain*, more then we can beare,  
 And, were it not for shame, our hearts would be  
 As warme to *Sathan*, as, great God, to *Thee* :  
 But there's a baser yet : And baser none :  
 We love thee, to be lov'd of man alone :  
 We force a *Zeale* ; usurpe the name of *Pure* ;  
 That we may sin more *closely*, more *secure* ;  
 We love thee onely to abuse thee, just  
 As Whores loue Husbands, but to cloke their lust :  
 How art thou martyr'd in our lustfull Fires !  
 How made a *Stale* to catch our *wilde* desires !  
 Lord, I will love as farre as lies in me,  
 Thee for thy *setse*, and all things else in *Thee*.

62.

*On filiall love and servile.*

**T**hey'r not alike, although alike appeare :  
 T'one feares for *love* : The other loves for *Fear*.

63.

*On Grapes.*

**I**T is receiv'd, That seed of Grapes being sowne,  
 Brings forth *degenerate* Clusters, or else none :  
 But Stocks being *grafted* prove a *fruitfull* Vine,  
 Whose pleasing *Berries* yeeld a generous Wine ;  
 We are thy *Vineyard*, Lord ; These Grapes of our,  
 By *Nature*, are degenerate and sower ;  
 But if thou please to *graft* us, we shall beare  
 Delicious fruit ; which being prest, shall cheare

The

The hearts of *Angels*, and that blessed *Trine*  
Of perfect glory with their sprightly *Wine*.

64.

*On Joy and Griefe.*

**L**Ord, if my *Griefes* were not oppos'd with *Joy*,  
They would destroy :  
And if my *Mirrh* were not allaid with *Sadnesse*,  
It would be Madnesse :  
While *this*, with *that* ; or *that*, with *this* contends,  
They're both my *Friends* :  
But when these happy *Warres* doe chance to cease,  
I have no peace :  
The more my earthly *Passions* doe contest,  
The more my heav'nly *Affections* are at rest.

65.

*On Doves and Serpents.*

**W**E must have *Doves* and *Serpents* in our heart,  
But how they must be marshall'd there's the  
They must agree, and not be farre asunder ; (*Art* ;  
The *Dove* must hold the wily *Serpent* under :  
Their natures teach what places they must keepe,  
The *Dove* can flye, the *Serpent* onely creepe.

66.

*On Christ, and our selves.*

**I**With a greater knowledge, then t'attaine  
The knowledge of *my selfe* ; A greater *Gain*  
X Then

Then to augment *my selfe*; A greater Treasure  
 Then to enjoy *my selfe*; A greater Pleasure  
 Then to content *my selfe*: How slight, and vaine  
 Is all selfe-Knowledge, Pleasure, Treasure, Gain;  
 Unlesse my better knowledge could retrieve  
*My Christ*; unlesse my better Gain could thrive  
*In Christ*; unlesse my better Wealth grow rich  
*On Christ*; Or else my Knowledge will proclaime  
 To my owne heart how ignorant I am:  
 Or else my Gain, so ill improv'd, will shame  
 My Trade, and shew how much declin'd I am:  
 Or else my Treasure will but blurre my name  
 With *Bankrupt*, and divulge how poore I am;  
 Or else my Pleasures, that so much *inflame*  
 My thoughts, will blab how full of sores I am.  
 Lord, keepe me from *my selfe*; 'Tis best for me,  
 Never to owne *my selfe*, if not in *Thee*.

67.

*On Man.*

**A**T our Creation, but the *Word* was said,  
 And we were made:  
 No sooner were, but our false hearts did swell  
 With *Pride*, and fell:  
 How slight is *Man*! At what an easie cost  
 Hee's made and lost!

We

68.

## On Death.

WE all are going to the selfe-same Place  
We only differ in our *Way*, our *Pace* :  
One treads the *common Rode* of Age ! Another  
Travels, directed by the hand of's *Brother* :  
Some crosse the *Waves*, perchance the neerer way ;  
Some by the winged *Shaft* that flies by Day ;  
Some ride on *Feavers* ; others beat the hoofe,  
With horses in their hands, and make a prooffe  
Of their owne *strength* ; Others more fairely pace  
On *beds of Down* ; some ride a speedy race  
On hot-mouth'd *Surfets*, emulous for the *Cup* ;  
Some hotly mounted fiercely gallop up-  
On spurgall'd *Broyles*, whose Frantick motions send  
Their hasty spirits to their *Iournies end* :  
Some ride upon the racking Steeds of *Treasure* ;  
Others false gallop on the backs of *Pleasure* :  
All journey forwards to the selfe-same Place ;  
Some, the next way ; and some, the faster pace :  
All post an end ; till beaten out of *Breath*,  
They all arrive at the great *gates* of Death ;  
Lord, in this *common Roade*, I doe not care  
What pace I travell, so my *Way* be faire.

69.

## On the life of Man.

OUR Life is nothing but a *Winters Day* ;  
Some onely breake their *Fast*, and so, away :  
X 2 Others

Others stay *Dinner*, and depart full fed;  
 The deepest Age but *supps*, and goes to bed:  
 Hee's most in debt, that lingers out the *Day*;  
 Who dyes betimes, has lesse; and lesse to pay.

70.

On Gods Image.

**I**T was a *dainty piece*! In every part,  
 Drawne to the life, and full of curious Art:  
 It was as like thee as a *shadow* could  
 Be like a *substance*; There was none but would  
 Have known thee by't: There needed then no name,  
 No golden *Characters*, that might proclaime  
 Whose *Picture* 'twas: the Art was so divine  
 That very Beasts did reverence, as thine:  
 But now, alas, 'tis blurr'd: the best that we  
 Or they can judge, is this, 'twas made for thee:  
 Alas, 'tis faded, soyl'd with houely dust,  
 Sullyed, and shadow'd with the smoke of *Lust*;  
 So swarthy as if that glorious face of thine  
 Were tawnyed underneath the *torrid Line*:  
 How is thy *Picture* altred! How ill us'd  
 By our neglects! How flubberd! How abus'd!  
 Her Cedar *Frame*'s disioynted, warp'd and broke;  
 Her curious *Tablet*'s tainted with the smoke:  
 The Objects both offensive, and the savour;  
 Retaining neither *Beauty*, nor thy *Favour*;  
 Lord, let not thy displeased eye forsake  
 Thy *handy-worke*; for the bad keepers sake:  
 Behold it still; and what thou seest amisse,  
 Passe by: Thinke what it was; not what it is:

What

What though her beauty and her colours fade?  
 Remember; O, 'twas like thee when 'twas made.  
 There is a great *Apelles* that can lim  
 With thy owne *Pencil*; we have sought to *Him*:  
 His skilfull hand will wash off all the soyle,  
 And clense thy Picture with his sacred Oyle:  
 Hee'l mak't more faire then 'twas; at least, the same;  
 Hee'l mend the *Tablet*, and renew the *Frame*:  
 Till then; be pleas'd to let thy Picture be  
 Acknowledg'd *thine*: 'Twas made for none but *Thee*.

71.

On the Penny.

**H**E that endur'd the Tyrannie of *Heate*;  
 The *Morning*-sorrows, and the *Midday*-sweat;  
 The *Evening*-toyle, and *burthen* of the *Day*,  
 Had but his promis'd *Penny* for his pay:  
 Others, that loyter'd all the *Morning*; stood  
 Ith' idle *Market*, whose unpractis'd blood  
 Scarce felt the warmth of labour, nor could show  
 A *blush* of Action, had his *Penny* too.

What *Wages* can we merit, as our owne?  
 Slaves that are *bought* with *price*, can challenge none,  
 But onely *Stripes*: alas, if Servants could  
 Doe more, then bid, they doe but what they should;  
 When man endeavours, and where heav'n engages  
 Himselfe by promise, they are *Gifts*, not *Wages*,  
 He must expect: We must not looke *t'obtaine*  
 Because we *Run*; Nor doe we *run* in vaine:  
 Our Running shoves th'effect, produces none:  
 The *Penny's* giv'n alike to every one,

X 3

That

That works i'th' *Vineyard*: Equall price was shar'd  
T' unequall *workers*; Therefore no *Reward*:  
Lord, set my hands a worke: I will not serve  
For *Wages*, lest thou give what I *deserve*.

72.

*On a Christian.*

THE Generous *Christian* must as well improve  
I'th' quality of the *Serpent*, as the *Dove*;  
He must be *Innocent*; affraid, to doe  
A wrong; And *crafty*, to prevent it too:  
They must be mixt, and temper'd with true love;  
An *Ounce* of *Serpent*, serves a Pound of *Dove*.

73.

*On Gods bounty.*

GOD freely gives; as freely we receive;  
It is not, *Do*; but *Aske*, and thou shalt have.

74.

*On Sinnes.*

MY Sinnes are like to *Mountaines*, that arise  
Above the *Clouds*, & threat the *threatning skies*;  
Lord, give me *Faith*; and let that *Faith* be prov'd,  
In leaving not a *Mountain* unremov'd.

A



75.

*On the life of Man.*

**A** *Thousand* yeares, with God (the Scriptures say)  
Are reckon'd but a *Day* ;  
By which accompr, this measur'd Life of our  
Exceeds not much an *houre* ;  
The halfe whereof Nature does claime and keepe  
As her owne debt for sleepe :  
A full *sixt* part of what remaines, we ryot  
In more then needfull Dyet :  
Our *Infancie*, our *Child-hood*, and the most  
Of our *greene youth* is lost :  
The *little* that is left, we thus divide ;  
One *part* to cloathe our Pride ;  
An other Share we lavishly deboyse  
To *vaine*, or *sinfull* joyes ;  
If then, at most, the measur'd life of Man  
Be counted but a *span*,  
Being half'd and quarter'd, and disquarter'd thus,  
What, what remaines for us ?  
Lord, if the *Totall* of our dayes doe come  
To so-so poore a *summe* ;  
And if our shares so small, so nothing be,  
Out of that *Nothing*, what remaines to *Thee* ?

76.

*On the Childrens Bread.*

**T**hy strengthning *Graces* are the *Childrens Bread*,  
Which maks thy *thriving Children* strong & able  
Honour,

Honour, and Riches are the *Crummes* that feed  
 The *Dogges* that lurk beneath their *Masters* Table :  
 Lord, if thy gracious pleasure will allow  
 But *Bread*, I am sure I shall have *Crummes* enow.

77.

*On Trust and Care.*

**O**ur *Trust* in God, for Riches, neither must  
*Exclude* our *Care* ; nor *Care* exceed our *Trust*.

78.

*On R v s c v s.*

**I**lliterate *Ruscus* heard *Pedantius* preach ;  
 Admir'd the *Church-mans* learning, & commended  
 Such things alone, that were above his Reach ;  
 But meanly slighted what he apprehended :  
 What hinders then to think that *Ruscus* hath  
 At least the twy-light of a *Bastard Faith* ?

79.

*On the receiving of the Lords Supper.*

**M**En take the Sacred *Scales* of their Salvation,  
 As some doe *Phylick*, not for *health*, but *fashion* :  
 The Day preceding, and the following Day,  
 There's none so strict ; none so reform'd as they :  
 They curb the fury of their wanton *Ryot*,  
 And call their *Surfets* to a stricter *Dyet* :  
 The time expir'd, the first *Affault* that haps,  
 Prevails, and strikes them to a worse *Relaps* ;

Like

Like Dogs to vomits they retorne agin,  
 As though they'ad past a *Patent* now to sin:  
 Let such *Day-Christians*, on the very top  
 Of all their mirth, remember *Judas Sop.*

80.

## On Faith.

TH'oft shaken *Tree* grows faster at the root;  
 And *faith's* most firm, that's sometimes urg'd with  
 (Doubts,

81.

## On the Story of Man.

THE word was spoke; And what was *Nothing*, must  
 Be made a *Chaos* of confused *Dust*:  
 The word was spoke: The *Dust* began to thicken  
 To a firme *Clay*: The *Clay* began to quicken:  
 The grosser substance of that *Clay* thought good  
 To turne to *Flesh*: The moyster turn'd to *Blood*:  
 Received *Organs*: and those *Organs*, *Sense*;  
 It was imbellisht with the Excellence  
 Of *Reason*: It became the *Heights* of *Nature*,  
 Being stamp't with th'Image of the great Creator:  
 But, Lord, that glorious *Image* is defac'd:  
 Her Beauty's blasted, and her *Tablet's* raz'd:  
 Th's *Height* of nature has committed *Treason*  
 Against it selfe: declin'd both *Sense* and *Reason*;  
 Meere *Flesh* and *Blood*, containing but a *Day*  
 Of painted *Pleasure*, and but *breathing Clay*:

Y

Whose

Whose Moisture, dry'd with his owne sorrow, must  
 Resolve, and leave him to his former *Dust*;  
 Which *Dust*, the utter object of our loathing,  
 Small time consumes, & brings to his first *Nothing*:  
 Thus, from this *Nothing*, from this *Dust*, began  
 Thus *Something*, turn'd to *Dust*, to *Nothing*; Man.

82.

## ON ANANIAS.

THE *Land* was his: The land was his, alone;  
 'Twas sold, And now the *Money* was his owne:  
 The powre remain'd in the *Possessors* hand,  
 To keepe his *money*, or have kept his *Land*:  
 But once devored to the *Churches* good,  
 And then conceal'd, it cost his *life*, his *blood*:  
 If those that give, may not resume agin,  
 Without a *Punishment*, without a *Sin*,  
 What shall become of those, whose unjust power  
 Dispoyles the *widdowed* Temple of her *Dower*:  
 Who take her Profits, and in stead of giving  
*Encase* to her revenues, make a living  
 Upon her *Ruinas*, growing plump and full  
 Upon her *Wants*, being cloathed in her *Weall*;  
 While she sustaines th' extremes of cold and hunger,  
 To pamper up the fat *Advouſon-monger*;  
 Who thrust their *Flesh-books* in their thrifty *Por*,  
 And only leave her what they value not:  
 The whilst her sacred *Priests*, that dayly read  
 Their slighted *Corne*, must begge their early *Bread*;  
 Or else, be forc'd to purchase easie shares  
 With the deare price of their ungranted *Prayres*.

Let such turne back their factilegious eyes,  
 And see how breathlesse *Ananias* lyes :  
 Behold the Wages that his sinne procures,  
 That was a *Mole-hill*, to these *Alpes* of yours :  
 He tooke not from the *Church* : Did but conceale  
 Some parts he gave ; But your false fingers steale  
 Her maine *Inheritance*, her owne *Possession* ;  
 His was but bare *deceit*, yours bold *Oppression* :  
 O, if no lesse then the *first death* was due  
 To him, what *death* d'ye think's prepar'd for you ?  
 So often as your pimper'd Eyes shall looke  
 On your Estates, thinke on the *Flying Booke*.

83.

On pious Vses.

THEY that, in life, oppresse, and then bequeath  
 Their Goods to *pious uses* at their death  
 Are like those Drunkards, being layd to sleepe,  
 That belch and vomit what they cannot keepe :  
 To Gods and Mans acceptance, I presume  
 Their severall Actions send the like perfume.

84.

ON SOPHRONIA.

THE chaste *Sophronia* knowes not how to scape  
 Th'inevitable danger of a *Rape* ;  
 Cruell *Sophronia* drawes her hasty knife  
 And would relieve her Chastity with *life* :  
 Doubtfull *Sophronia* knowes not what to doe,  
 Shee cannot keepe the *one*, and s'other too :

Y 2

*Sophro-*

*Sophronia's* in a strait; One eye is fixt  
O'th' seventh Command'ment; t'other, on the sixth;  
To what Extreames is poore *Sophronia* driven!  
Is not *Sophronia* left at Six and Seven?

85.

*On the knowing Man.*

**H**EE's like a lusty Soyle, whose Moisture feeds,  
If not a world of Corne, a world of Weeds.

86.

*On Romes Pardon.*

**I**F Rome could pardon sinnes, as Romans hold,  
And if such Pardons might be bought for Gold,  
An easie Judgement might determine which  
To choose: To be religious, or else Rich;  
Nay Rome does pardon: Pardons may be sold;  
Wee'l search no Scriptures, but the Mines, for Gold.

87.

*On the World.*

**T**HE World, compos'd of heav'n & earth, 's the story  
Of Gods Eternall, and Mans Temp'rall Glory.

Men

## 88.

*On formall Devotion.*

**M**En doe God Service with the same devotion,  
As the foule Body takes his loathed *Potion*:  
They stay and stay; then gulp it downe in hast,  
Not for the *pleasure*, but to have it *past*:  
Whose *druggie* Tast goes so against their minde,  
That, oft, the better part is left behind,  
And what is taken, 's taken but in vaine,  
It either *works not*, or *comes up* againe.

## 89.

*On heavenly Manna.*

**O**What a world of heav'nly *Manna* falls  
Within the Circuit of our happy *Walls*!  
With how great *joy* would neighb'ring *lands* receive  
The Fragments of those *Fragments*, that we leave!  
Our furnisht *Markets* flourish all the yeare:  
We need no *Ephaths*, nor yet *Omers* here:  
We take, unmeasur'd, from the bounteous heape;  
Thanks never were so *deare*: nor that, so *cheape*:  
We never hoard, but tesse from hand to hand,  
As if that *Famine* had forsworne the Land;  
Our satiate stomachs are so lavish fed,  
That we ev'n sleight, and wanton with our *Bread*:  
Ah Lord! I feare when carelesse children play  
With their spoyl'd *Bread*, 'tis time to take away.

90.

*On naturall Sinnes.*

**T**O murder *Parents*, or our *selves*, has bin,  
 Though falsly, counted an *unnaturall Sin*:  
 By *Nature*, we are apt to fall into 't;  
 I rather think 't *unnaturall not to doe't*:  
 If heav'n should but forsake us, 'twere agin  
 The very course of *Nature*, *not to sin*.

91.

*On the Arke.*

**I**F *Flouds* of *Teares* should drowne my *world* of *Sin*,  
 Alas, my floating *Arke* retaines within,  
 A cursed *Cham* to store the *World* agin:  
 What then? so long as holy *Sem* vouchsafeth  
 But to divide a *Tent* with bathfull *lapheth*.

92.

*ON SOPHRONIA.*

**S***ophronia* chooses rather to commit  
*Selfe Murder*, then by violence, to submit  
 Her ventur'd honour to th' *injurious* trust  
 Of the *eye-sparkling Tyrants* furious *Lust*:  
 What means *Sophronia*? Dare his conscience frame,  
 To act a *Sinne*, but to prevent a *Shame*?



93.

*On a faire Prospect.*

**L**ooke up; And there, I see the faire abode  
 And glorious *Mansion* of my gracious God:  
*Looke downe*; In ev'ry garnisht corner lyes  
*Favours* objected to my wondring eyes;  
*Looke on my right hand*; There, the sweet encrease  
 Of Joyes present me with a joyfull *Peace*:  
*Looke on my left hand*; There, my Fathers *Rod*  
 Sublimes my knowledge, from my selfe, to God:  
*Looke forward*; There, I see the lively Story  
 Of *Faiths* improvement and of future *Glory*:  
*Looke backward*: There, my thankfull eye is cast  
 On *Sinnes* remitted, and on *Dangers* past:  
*Looke inwards*; And mine eye is made partaker  
 Of the faire Image of my glorious *Maker*:  
*Looke up*; or *downe*; *About*, *above*, or *under*;  
 Nothing but Objects of true *Love* and *wonder*.

94.

*A Resolution.*

**I**F thou hast giv'n me *Wealth*, great God, I crave  
*Content*; and Grace to *have* the goods I have;  
 If otherwise; thy will be done: I crave not  
 So much, to *have*, as use the goods I *have not*:  
 Lord, make me *Thine*: And then I shall appeare,  
 If not thy *Almner*, yet thy *Beast-man*, here.

Earth's

95.

*On the worlds Welcome.*

**E**Arths Entertainments are like those of *Iach*,  
 Her left hand brings me *Milke*; Her right, a *mayle*.

96.

*On our Meditation upon God.*

**W**Hen thy ambitious *knowledge* would attempt  
 So high a *Task* as God, she must exempt  
 All carnall *sense*; Thy *Reason* must release  
 Her *pow'r*; Thy *Fancies* must be bound toth' peace;  
 Thy *Spirits* must be rapt; They must exile  
 Thy *flesh*, and keepe a *Sabbath* for a while;  
 Thou must forget thy selfe, and take strong *Bands*  
 Of thy owne Thoughts, and shake eternall hands  
 With thy rebellious *Lusts*; discard and cleare  
 Thy heart of all *Idea's*; Then, with *Fear*,  
 And holy *Reverence*, thou must think of *One*,  
 As though he were not to be thought upon:  
 Conceive a *Spiritual*, a most perfect Being,  
 Pure, simple; At the selfe-same instant, seeing  
 Things Present, Past, and Future; One, whose *Might*,  
 Whose *Wisedome*, *Iustice*, *Mercie*, (in a height  
 Above Exceeding) is *Himselfe*, being Great  
 Without a *Quantity*, and most Compleat  
 Without *Degrees*; Eternall without *space*  
 Of time: At all times Present, without *Place*:  
 Think thus: And whē thy thoughts can sore no higher,  
 Stay there, Stand humbly silent, and admire.

He

97.

On Faith.

**H**E that wants *Faith*, and apprehends a *Griefe*  
Because he wants it, hath a *true Believe*.  
And he that grieves, because his *griefe's* so small  
H'as a *true Griefe*, and the *best Faith* of all.

98.

On Mans Folly.

**I**Deots, and Sense-bound *Lunaticks* discern  
Twixt *Salt* and *Suger*; very *Babes* will learne  
To know a *Counter* from the currant *Coyne*;  
Bruit *Beasts*, by *Instinct* of Nature, will decline  
Th'alluring *Bait*, and sense-beguiling *Snare*;  
Though that seeme ne'r so *sweet*; this, ne'r so *faire*:  
Yet *Man*, heav'ns greatest *Master-piece* will chuse,  
What *Fooles*, and *Mad men*, *Beasts*, and *Babes* refuse:  
Delights in dangerous *Pleasures*, and beneath  
The name of *loyes*, pleases himsele to *death*.

99.

On Glory.

**T**Hat *Saint*, in Heav'n, whose *Glory* is the least;  
Has ev'n as perfect *Glory*, as the best:  
There's no *Degrees*; but in a finite *Treasure*:  
No difference twixt *Pauls* glory & *mine*, but *measure*.

Z

When

100.

On Reward.

**W**hen holy Scriptures mention the Rewarding  
Of works, we read not, For, but still According.

The end of the third Booke.

**DIVINE**



DIVINE  
FANCIES.

The fourth Booke.

I.

*A Good Morrow.*



Is day : Unfold thine Armes ; Arise,  
and rouze  
Thy leaden Spirits, and pay  
thy Morning *Vowes* ;  
Send up thy *Incense* ; Let her early smoke  
Renew that League thy very dreames have broke ;  
Then mayst thou *worke or play* ; Nothing shall be  
Displeasing to thy God, that pleases thee.

Z 2

Close

2.  
*A Good night.*

**C**lose now thine eyes, and rest secure;  
 Thy Soule is safe enough; thy Body sure;  
 He that loves thee, he that keeps  
 And guards thee, never slumbers, never sleeps.  
 The smiling Conscience in a sleeping brest  
 Has onely peace, has onely rest:  
 The musick and the mirth of Kings  
 Are all but very *Discords*, when she sings:  
 Then close thine Eyes and rest secure;  
 No Sleepe so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

3.  
*On a Printing-House.*

**T**He world's a *Printing-House*: our words, our thoughts  
 Our deeds, are *Characters* of sev'ral sizes:  
 Each Soule is a *Compos'ter*; of whose faults  
 The Levits are *Correctors*: Heav'n revises;  
 Death is the *common Press*; from whence, being drivē,  
 W're gathered *Sheet by Sheet*; & bound for Heaven.

4.  
*A Dialogue betweene GABRIEL  
 and MARY.*

GABRIEL.

**H**Aile blessed Mary: MA. What celestial tongue  
 Calls sinfull Mary blessed? GAB. It is I:

MA.

MA. Who art thou? GA. I am *Gabriel* that belong  
 To the high Quire of Heaven: MA. I faint, I dye.  
 GA. Feare not sweet *Virgin*; all the *Earth* shall be  
 Made debtors to thy *Womb*, and blest in Thee. (Son  
 MA. How Lord? GA. Thy *Virgin womb* shall beare a  
 That shall redeeme the world. MA. My *Lord*, how can  
 Such wonders come to passe, such things be done  
 By a poore *Virgin*, never knowne by Man?  
 GA. The *holy Ghost*, at his appointed howre,  
 Shall make thee pregnant by his sacred powre:  
 MA. Wonder of wonders! GA. At whose height the  
 Of heav'n stand ravisht, tremble, and admire. (Quire  
 MA. O may it be according to thy Word:  
 GA. Before that twice five Moones compleated be  
 Thou shalt be knowne the *Mother* of our Lord,  
 And thou shalt dance thy Saviour on thy knee.  
 MA. Both *heav'n & earth* shall triumph, & the *frame*  
 Of *hell* shall tremble at *Maria's* name:  
 GA. All *Ages* past, and present, and to come,  
 Shall joy in *Mary*, and in *Marye's* wombe.

## 5.

## On RHEMVS.

IF Heav'n would please to purge thy Soule as well  
 As Rome thy purse, thou needst not feare a Hell.

## 6.

## On the life of Man.

MAnsday's a Song, compos'd by th' great Musition;  
 Full of harmonious Ayres and dainty choyce;

But spoyld with *Discords*, and too much *Division*;  
 Abus'd and lost for want of *skill*, and *voyce*;

We misse our *Rests*, and we neglect our *Graces*;  
 Our life the *Treble*, and our death the *Base* is.

7.

On MARY.

FOUR *Marye's* are eterniz'd for their worth;  
 Our *Saviour* found out *three*, our *Charls*, the *fourth*.

8.

On the Church.

LET not thy *blacknesse* move thee to despaire,  
 Black Women are belov'd of men that's faire:  
 What if thy haire, her flaxen brightnesse lack?  
 Thy *face* is comely, though thy *Brow* be black.

9.

On the two *Essences*.

GOds sacred *Essence* represents the bright  
 And glorious body of the greater light:  
 'Tis perfect; hath a *Being* of her owne,  
 Giving to all, receiving light from none:  
 Mans *Essence* represents the borrowed light  
 And feeble luster of the Lampe of night:  
 Her *Rays* are faint, and her *Reflection* thin,  
 Distain'd with nat'rall blemishes within;  
 Inconstant, various; having, of her owne,  
 No light at all; or light, as good as none:

When



When too much earth shall interpose, and slips  
Betwixt these Lights, our soules are in th' *Eclips*.

## IO.

*On our Saviours Passion.*

**T**He earth did tremble ; and heav'ns closed eye  
Was loth to see the *Lord of Glory*, dye ;  
The Skyes were clad in mourning, and the Spheares  
Forgot their *harmony* ; The Clouds dropt *teares* :  
Th'ambitious Dead arose to give him roome ;  
And ev'ry Grave did gape to be his *Tombe* ;  
Th'affrighted heav'ns sent downe elegious *Thunder* ;  
The *Worlds Foundation* loos'd, to lose their *Founder* ;  
Th'impatient *Temple* rent her *Vaile* in two,  
To teach our hearts what our sad hearts should do :  
Shall senselesse things doe this, and shall not I  
Melt one poore drop to see my Saviour dye ?  
Drill forth my *Teares* ; and trickle one by one,  
Till you have peirc'd this *heart* of mine, this *Stone*.

## II.

*On PETER.*

**W**Hat luck had *Peter* ! For he tooke a *Fish*  
That stor'd his *purse*, as well as fill'd his *dish* ;  
Whose bounty did *enrich*, as well as *feed* him ;  
But they are better *Fishers* that succeed him :  
*He* catcht by chance : *These* catch the like by skill :  
*He* catcht but *once* : *These* catch them when they will :  
They cast their *Angles* into better *Seas* ;  
Their bayts are only for such *Fish* as these :

Brave

Brave sport, and full of curious pleasure ! Come,  
*There is no Fishing to the Sea—of Rome.*

12.

## ON HERODIAS.

**I**'Le tell thee, *Light-skirts*, whosoever taught  
Thy feet to dance, thy dancing had a Fault :  
Thou'lt find it deare, *Herodias*, if thou do'st  
Compare thy pen'worth with the price it cost.

13.

## ON FAITH AND HOPE.

**H**ow much the stronger, *Hopes* on life relye,  
So much the weaker is my *Faith*, to dye.

14.

## ON WATER AND WINE.

**T**He happy diff'rence and sweet change of life,  
When a chaste *Virgin* turnes a loyall *Wife*,  
Our blessed Lord, in *Cana* did divine,  
And turn'd cold *Water* into lusty *Wine*.

15.

## ON AGE.

**H**ow *fresh blood* dotes ! O how *green Youth* desires !  
It most disdaines the thing it most desires.

16.

*On a Fig-tree.*

**A** Christian's like a *Fig-tree*, that does beare  
Fruit, greene, or ripe, or blossomes all the yeare:  
No wonder then, our Saviour curst that Tree;  
*Fig-trees* are alwayes dead, where no Figgs be.

17.

*On Rhemus.*

**R**hemus, upon a time I heard thee tell,  
A *Wall* divideth Purgatory and Hell;  
And that a gold-bought *Masse* will cleare th'offence  
That brought us thither, and redeeme us thence:  
Ah *Rhemus*, what demented Soule would spare  
To ruine Wife, or to dis-land an Heire,  
Rather then feele such torments, you pretend,  
That equall Hell in all but *time* and *end*:  
Ah *Rhemus*, If the power of Gold be such,  
How dare you be so bold to die so rich!

18.

*On Jacob.*

**N**E're boast thy *Bargaine*, *Jacob*: For poore wee  
Have made a better contract farre, then thee:  
We envy not his Land thou didst inherit;  
Our brother tooke our *Flesh*; gave us his *Spirit*.

A a

*Simons*

## 19.

## On Simon Magus.

**S**imon, bring Gold enough; and I will tell thee,  
 Where thou shalt *buy* what *Peter* would not *sell*  
 Repaire to his *Successors*; They are free (*thee* :  
 And frolick *Gamsters*; not so strict as Hee:  
 Nay, if thy Gold be weake, they will nor stand;  
 To sell good Pen'worths at the *second hand* :  
 They'l sell good cheape, but they'l not give to any;  
 No *Pater-noster* where there is no *Penny* :  
 No, if thy purse be like an empty *shell*,  
 They will nor *give*, what *Peter* would not *sell*.

## 20.

## On the Bishop of Rome.

**A**Dmit, gteat Prelat, that thou wert that *Rock*  
 Wheron the *Church* was founded; couldst thou *unlock*  
 The *gates* of Heav'n; and, with thy *golden Key*,  
 Make Hell thy *Pris'ner*, and the Fiends obey;  
 Thy Papall dignity would farre be greater,  
 If thou wert *Simon*, but as well as *Peter*.

## 21.

## On Milo.

**D**O; strive to enter *Milo*, though the Gate  
 Be narrow, and the rugged passage straight;  
 Lessen thy selfe, and fast thy carkas thin;  
 Take in thy *flesh*, 'twill get thee easier in:

Looke

Look up to heav'n, 'twill raise thy body uprighter;  
 Give lib'rall *almes*, 'twill make thee tread the lighter:  
 Sweat forth thy base corruptions, and inherit  
 Thy promis'd *Crowne*, halfe lost for want of spirit;  
 Let not thy dastard, and dull thoughts disdain  
 Those works which cold *despaire* mistakes, as vaine;  
 Take heed; let not thy queazie Soule repine  
 Against those *Actions* which are none of thine:  
 Heav'n bids thee shine; what if thy *Rayes* be dim,  
 Doe thou thy best; leave the successe to Him:  
 Follow thy *Worke*; And when thy Soule shall be  
 Gather'd from hence, thy *Works* shall follow thee.

22.

*On Rome.*

**G**ood Works abound in *Rome*: 'Tis well they doe,  
 'Tis the best string they chalenge to their Bow:  
 But ev'ry Hee's no *Monke*, that weares a Hood,  
 'Tis well, if they'r well done, as well as good:  
*When wandring Passengers have lost their way,*  
*No sort of men that ride so fast as they.*

23.

*On three dayes and nights.*

**T**Hou know'st our dying Saviour did repose  
 On *Friday*; On the *Sabbath*, he arose;  
 Tell me, by what account can he be said  
 To lodge *three dayes and nights* among the dead?  
 He dyde for all the World: what wanted here,  
 Was full supply'd in rother *Hemisphere*.

Aa 2

What

24.

## ON TOBIT'S DODGE.

**W**Hat luck had *Tobits dog*! what grace! what glory  
Thus to be Kenell'd in the Eternall Story!  
Untill th' *Apocrypha* and *Scripture* sever,  
The mem'ry of *Tobits dogge* shall live for ever.

25.

## ON THE GOSPELL.

**W**Hen two *Evangelists* shall seeme to vary  
In one discourse, they'r *divers*, not *contrary*;  
One Truth doth guide them both; One spirit doth  
Direct them; doubt not, to beleve them both.

26.

## ON SERVIO.

**S***ervio*, 'Tis scarcely worth thy paines, to smother  
Or to subdue one Sinne, and hugge another:  
Beleeve it *Servio*, he that is in thrall  
To one, is a potentiall *Slave* to all.

27.

## ON FORMIO.

**F***ormio* will keepe the *Sabbath*, read and pray,  
His lips are seal'd from oaths upon that day;  
*Formio* is clad in black, and will absent  
His fleshly thoughts, this holy time of *Lent*.

Thinkst

Thinkst thou that *Formio's* shaking hands with Sin?  
No, tis but giving hands to meet agin.

28.

ON JOHN and JESVS.

**I**ohn was the *Morning-starre* that did fore-run  
The long-wisht rising of our Glorious *Sun*;  
The first word that *Iohns* preaching lips exprest  
Was this, *Repent*: Our Saviours first, was, *Blessed*:  
*Iohn* makes th'incision; *Iesus* makes it sound;  
*Iesus* nere cures, when *Iohn* ne'r made a wound.

29.

ON dispossessing.

**W**E read, A broyled Fishes *heart* will scare  
A frighted Devill from a troubled brest:  
We read againe, By *Fasting*, and by *Pray'r*  
The fierce *Demoniack's* only dispossess:  
What this affirms, that flatly does deny;  
With reverence to the Text, *Thet'one's a Lye*.

30.

ON HERODIAS.

**I** Have a young *Heradias* lives within me,  
That never leaves to *dance*, untill she win me  
To grant her Suit; will never cease to plead  
Untill I give her my *Iohn Baptists* head:  
O then my sorrow would be past her date,  
And I, like *Nered*, should repent too late.

A a 3

Sathan

31.

ON MALFIDO.

**S** Athans Injections are like Weeds that fall  
 Into thy Garden, darted o're the Wall,  
 Whole loathsome smell unscent thy sweeter *Flow'rs*;  
 But grow not there, unlesse we make them ours:  
 They'l dye, neglected; If thou lend them roome,  
 They'l stink; But eas'ly thrown from whence they  
 Feare not, *Malfido*; those be they that spoyle (come:  
 Thy *Flow'rs*, that suck their *substance* from the soyle.

32.

ON SLANDERS.

**V** When undeserv'd report distaines my name,  
 It *shames* not, but perchace prevents a *shame*.

33.

ON LAW AND GOSPEL.

**T** He *Law* is rough; the *Gospell* milde and calme;  
 That launc'd the *Bile*; & this powres in the *Balme*.

34.

ON A BOSOME SINNE.

**T** Hat *sinne* that finds more credit then the rest,  
 That is thy *Darling*, leanes upon thy *breſt*;  
 That, in the *Bosome* of thy heart does lye;  
 That dips within thy *dish*, Sayes, *Is it I?*

That



That gives thee *kisses*, that's the *sin* that slayes thee,  
O that, O that's the *Indas*, that betrayes thee.

35.

*On the World.*

**T**He World's a *Booke*, writ by th'eternall *Art*  
Of the great Maker, *printed* in Mans heart;  
Tis falsly *printed*, though divinely *pend*,  
And all th'*Errata* will appeare at th'*end*.

36.

*On my Soule.*

**M**Y weather-beaten Soule long time has bin  
Becalm'd, and tiding in the *Sea* of Sin;  
But now afflictions *storme* does drive and tosse  
Her batter'd *Keele*: The wind is loud and crosse:  
*Feare* fills her tattered *sailes*, and *doubts* do drive her,  
She knowes not where; and of all hopes deprive her:  
Thus, thus transported by the troubled Ayre  
Amongst the swallowing *Quick-sands* of despaire,  
If not prevented by a greater power,  
Shee looks for *wreck* and *ruine* ev'ry hower;  
O, that mine eyes could raine a *showre* of Teares,  
That, that would lay the *storme* of all my Feares.

37.

*On the Cuckoe.*

**T**He idle *Cuckoe*, having made a Feast      Nest;  
On Sparrows Eggs, layes downe her owne i'th'  
The

The silly Bird she ownes it, hatches, feeds it;  
 Protects it from the weather, clocks and breeds it;  
 It neither wants repose nor yet repast,  
 And joyes to see her *Chicken* thrive so fast:  
 But when this gaping Monster has found strength  
 To shift without a helper, she at length  
 Not caring for that tender care that bred her,  
 Forgets her Parent, kills the *Bird* that fed her:  
 The *sinne* we foster in our bosome, thus  
 Ere we have left to feed it, feeds on us.

38.

On Tobit.

WAs it not time to send his sonne to *Rages*,  
 For mony, whē his *wife* spun hard for *wages*?  
 Was't not high time for him to post away,  
 That for an *Angell* paid a *Groat* a day?

39.

On David.

WHo ever sung so high, so rapt an *Iō*  
 As *David*, prompted by heroick *Clio*?  
 But when thy more divine *Vrania* sung,  
 What glorious Angel had so sweet a tongue?  
 But when *Melpomene* began to sing,  
 Each word's a *Rapture*, or some *higher thing*:  
 Sweet were thy *triumphs*; sweet those *joyes* of thine;  
 O, but thy *Tears* were more then most *Divine*.

Seeft

## 40.

## On a Monument.

**S**ee'st thou that *Mon'ment*? Dost thou see how Art  
 Does polish nature to adorne each part  
 Of that rare Worke, whose glorious Fabrick may  
 Commend her beauty to an after day?  
 Is't not a dainty Peece? and apt to raise  
 A rare advantage to the Makers praise?  
 But know'st thou what this dainty Peece encloses?  
 Beneath this glorious *Marble* there reposes  
 A noisome putrid Carcas, halfe devour'd  
 By crawling *Caniballs*, disguiz'd, devour'd  
 With loath'd Corruption, whose consuming sense  
 Would poison thoughts, although it have no vent:  
 Ev'n such a *Peece* art thou, who ere thou be  
 That read'st these Lines: This *Monument* is *Thee*:  
 Thy Body is a Fabrick, wherein Nature  
 And Art conspire to heighten up a creature  
 To some Perfection, being a living Story  
 And rare *abridgement* of his Makers glory;  
 But full of loathsome *Filth*, and nasty mire  
 Of lust, uncurb'd Affections, base desire;  
 Curious without, but most corrupt within,  
 A glorious *Monument* of inglorious sin.

## 41.

## On PLAVSVS.

**P**lausus has built a Church: And lest his Glory  
 Should die, has boasted his vain-glorious Story  
B b
Upon

Upon the painted *Wall*, and built to Fame  
 A large *Memoriall* of his doubtfull Name :  
*Plausus*, tis bravely done ; Thy Deeds make knowne  
 Thou either seekst *Gods* glory, or *thy owne* ,

42.

On Censorio.

**T**Hou blam'st the *Age*, cōdemns the daies of crimes,  
 If thou wouldst mend thy *Faults*, 'twould mend  
 (the *Times*.)

43.

On fooles of both kinds.

**S**ome scorne the Crosse, whilst others *sal* before it :  
 Some sit and take the Bread, and some adore it :  
 Some are too *bold*, and others too too *nice* ;  
*Fooles* all a *Sin* whilst they decline a *Vice*.

44.

On the Name of JESVS.

**I**T is the common course of man to double  
 The Name of *Iesus* in the times of trouble.  
 The Name of *Lord* is not a stile to please us ;  
*Iesu's* no *Lord* with us ; if *Lord*, no *Iesus*.

How

45.

*On the Woman with the Issue*

**H**OW could thy Soule, fond Woman, be assur'd  
 Thy long disease could be so eas'ly cur'd?  
 What? couldst thou think the *touch* of cloth was good  
 To dry the Fountaine of thy flowing Blood?  
 Or was't because our blessed Saviour wore it?  
 Or why? I read not, that thou didst adore it:  
 He nere so much as ownd thee, Woman: Sure,  
 Thy *Faith*, and not his *Garments* wrought the Cure

46.

*On our Redemption.*

**W**E were created at a *Word*, a *Breath*;  
 Redeemed with no lesse then *Blood & Death*:  
 How much a greater labour is it, than,  
 To *wash* a Sinner, then to *make* a Man!

47.

*On Gods Arme.*

**T**Was not, that he was *weake*; or thou so *strong*;  
 He dy'd so soone, or that thou *liv'st* so long:  
 The head-strong Oxe is haled to the slaughter,  
 When the poore *worm* crawls many a *Summer* after:  
 When Heav'ns victorious *arme* shall please to strike,  
 The *Giant* and the *Pigmy* are alike.

48.

*On our blessed Saviour.*

**O** Thou that wert the *King* of heav'n and earth,  
 How poorly wert thou attended at thy Birth!  
 A Manger was thy *Cradle*, and a *Stable*  
 Thy *Privy Chamber*, *Maries*'s knees thy *Table*;  
 Theeves were thy *Courtiers*, & the *Crosse*, thy *Thron*;  
 Thy *Dyes*, *Gall*; A wreath of *Thornes*, thy *Crown*:  
 All this, the *King* of *Glory* endur'd, and more,  
 To make us *Kings* that were but *slaves* before.

49.

*On Corduplo.*

**K**eepe in thy *Actions*, and maintaine the *Fences*  
 Of thy clos'd lipps, *Corduplo*, and thy *Senses*;  
 Thou shalt deceive both *Man* and *Devill* too,  
 And mayest be damn'd, and yet they never know;  
 The *Devils* power of knowledge never delves  
 Into our hearts, till we proclaime our selves.

50.

*On Dreames.*

**W**ho dreams a *sin*, and not his dreams forbid it  
 An entertainment, *sins*, as if he did it;  
 Which if thy *flumbring Soule* could not prevent,  
 Th'art safe, if thou hast *dream'd* and thou dost *repent*.

How

## 51.

## ON ADAM.

**H**OW soon, poore *Adam*, was thy *Freedom* lost;  
 Forfeit to death ere thou hadst time to boast;  
 Before thy *Triumph*, was thy *Glory* done,  
 Betwixt a rising and a setting Sun:  
 How soon that ends, that should have ended never!  
 Thine eyes ne'r slept, untill they slept for ever:

## 52.

## ON Sinnes and Blessings.

**W**E write thy *common blessings*, Lord, upon  
 A sliding streame; no sooner writ, but gon.  
 Thy more illustrious Favours we entrust  
 To the dry Sand, defac'd with ev'ry Gust:  
 But, Lord, our *Scrowle of sinnes* are written downe  
 On during Marble, or some harder stone,  
 And our extreame mis-doings are thought good  
 To be inscrib'd, like *Draco's Lawes*, in blood:  
 Lord, let us change our *Tables*, or our *Story*,  
 And we shall have more *Comfort*; Thou, more *Glory*.

53.

ON CELIA.

**C**elia complains, her Heart cannot be well;  
 Nor will not, *Celia*, till it cease to swell;  
 Tis too-too proud with blood, perverse and stout;  
 It must be launc'd to let the humour out:  
 Alas no lance can pierce it; It is growne  
 More hard then *Ruince*, or th' *Adamantine* stone.  
 Then *Celia*, like an *Adamant*, thou must  
 Make the incision with her owne made *dust*.

54.

ON PUSILLUS.

**P**usillus can be jocund, never whines  
 When he is full, but still, in want, repines;  
 And, like a bad-por'd hound, that hunts not true,  
 Hee's at a Fault, if not the Game in view:  
 Be well advis'd *Pusillus*; Heav'n may chance,  
 To pipe no more, if thou give ore to dance.

55.

ON BELEEF.

**T**He Devills doe *beleeve*; I know they doe;  
 But their *Beleeve* does make them *tremble* too.

Pss



## On Crastinio.

56.

**P**ast time is gone, the Future is to be;  
*Crastinio*, say, which most belongs to thee?  
 The first, thou further goest and further from;  
 And thou mayst die before the last shall come:  
 The first, *Crastinio's* now growne out of date;  
 Perchance the last may come, but come too late:  
 The last's uncertaine, and the first is gone,  
 The present then *Crastinio's* thine, or none.

57.

## On an Hower-glasse.

**M**ans life is like an *Hower-glasse*, wherein  
 Each sev'ral sand that passes, is a sin:  
 And when the latest sand is spent and run,  
 Our finnes are finisht, as our lives are done.

58.

## On Kain.

**K**ain, 'tis true: It was, and did appeare  
 A Punishment too great for thee to beare;  
 If thou hadst had a Faith, and couldst have bin  
 As much oppress'd and loaded with thy sin,  
 Thy greater patience either might out-worne it,  
 Or found more able should'ers to have borne it.

Ticio

59.

ON TICIO.

**T**icio stands gaping for the clouded Sun  
 To be inform'd how fast the howres run ;  
 Ah, foolish *Ticio*, art thou sound in minde,  
 To lose by *seeking*, what thou seekst to *find* ?

60.

ON SORTIO.

**S**ortio, that makst a *Trade* of gaming, know  
 Thou breakst *two* great *commandments* at a throw:  
 The *third* thou breakst by thy abuse of *Lot* ;  
 Thou breakst the *Tenth*, that bids thee *Covet not* ;  
 Now tell me, *Sortio*, whether fins most high,  
 He that playes *faire*, or he that helps a *Die* ?

61.

ON Raymond Sebund.

**H**onour to high-brain'd *Raymond*, And no lesse  
 To thy renowned Scholler, great *Du Plessis* :  
 Your high attempts object to our dull sight  
 The *Good* of Nature, by dull Natures *light* :  
 But what has *Raymond*, and *Du Plessis* done ?  
 They light but two bright *Tapers* to the Sun.

Tis

62.

To HENRY Earle of Holland.

**T**Is not the *Sun-shine* of great *Cesars* Eye,  
 Nor our *opinion* makes thy Honour flye  
 So faire a *pitch*; Nor need thy Glory claime  
 Assistance from thy *Blood*, t'enrich thy Name:  
 But what it is that mounts thee up so high,  
 The *World* shall tell thee, *Henry*, and not I:  
 Blood gives no *Vertue*; nor Opinion *Glory*;  
 And Princely Favours are but *Transitory*;  
 Heav'n's *Act* is mingled with great *Cesars* Eye:  
 Heav'n gave thee *wings*, and *Cesar* bids thee flye.

63.

On Drunkards and Idolaters.

**W**Hich is the greater Sin, and which the lesse?  
 Which finds the *sharper*? which the *milder*  
 To turne Gods glorious Image to a *Beast*, (Rod?)  
 Or turne the Image of a *Beast* to *God*?  
 Thrice happy is that soule, and more then thrice,  
 That buyes no knowledge at so deare a price.

64.

On dying.

**H**E that would die once well, must often trie;  
 Practice does bring perfection how to die:  
 The Law's our *Tutor*; and the World our *Schoole*,  
 Wherein w're taught by *example*, as by *Rule*:

C c

The

The Rod's *Affliction*, which being laid away,  
The *Gospel* comes, and begs us leave to play.

65.

*On Ravens and Lilies.*

**A**Re not the *Ravens*, great God, sustaind by Thee?  
And wilt thou clothe the *Lilies*, and not me?  
I'll nere distrust my God, for *Cloth*, and *Bread*,  
Whilst *Lilies* flourish, and the *Ravens* be fed.

66.

*On degrees of Sin.*

**C**urses proportion to the *sins* degree:  
*Adam* had *one*; *Eve*, *two*; the *Serpent*, *three*.

67.

*A last Will.*

**M**Y Life's my *dying day*; wherein I, still,  
Am making, alter, and correct my *Will*:  
My *Soule* I doe bequeath to God; provided  
Some smaller *Legacies* may be divided  
Among my Friends: *Item* my *sins* I give  
To my deare *Iesus*, whether die or live:  
*Item*, I give the World, that did refresh  
The tender frailty or my feeble Flesh,  
My lesser *Cares*: I doe bequeath moreover,  
To my poore body, *home-spun cloath*, to cover  
And hide her shame, and *Food* for needfull diet;  
Some *sleep*, but not immoderate, to quiet

Distem-

Distemper'd *Nature*, and in her Vacation,  
 Some lawfull *Pleasures* for her Recreation;  
 My *Charity*, to my poore helplesse brother,  
 I give; my *Prayers* to the true Church my *Mother*;  
 Whose watchfull eyes I must desier, still,  
 To be the *Over-seers* of my *Will*.

68.

ON OUR JESVS.

HE's like a *Rock*, which when we strive to shun  
 We are in danger to be wreckt upon;  
 But when our wide-spread *Armes* seeke *Refuge* there,  
 It will secure us from the *harmes* we feare.

69.

TO KING CHARLES.

THE Common-wealth is like an *Instrument*;  
 The divers sorts of people represent  
 The *strings*, all differing in *degrees*, in *places*;  
 Some *trebles*, and some *Meanes*, and some are *Bases*:  
 The potent Rulers the *Musitians* are;  
 The musick, sometimes *peace*; and sometimes *warre*;  
 The Lawes are like the *Ruled Bookes* that lye  
 Before their eyes, and which they practice by:  
 Play on great *Charles*; Heav'n make thy *strings* as  
 And true, as thou art skilfull: Ravish long (strong  
 The worlds wide eares, with thy diviner *Ayres*,  
 That whosoever to thy Land repayres,  
 May thence return amaz'd, and tell the Story  
 Of Britains *Triumph*, in great *Charles* his *Glory*.

Cc 2

The

70.

*A Riddle.*

**T**He Goods we spend we *keepe*; and what we save,  
We *lose*; and only what we lose, we *have*.

71.

ON GLORIOSO.

**N**Ere vaunt *Glorioso*, that thou oft reliev'st  
The poore; *Glorioso*, tis not thine, thou giv'st:  
Boast what's thy own; Thou art the poor mans *Sive*;  
Thy wealth was giv'n thee, with a *Clause*, to give;  
Put case it were thy owne thou gav'st; what then?  
Thy owne *Applause* hath paid thy own agen.

72.

ON JUDAS.

**T**Wo hundred pence! What's that to thee? But say  
That so much Oyntment had beene cast away;  
The *coyne* that paid for't, *Judas*, was not thine;  
O *Judas*, that's the cause thou didst *repine*.

73.

ON IMPROPRIATOR.

**L**Ord, how he swells! as if he had, at least,  
A *Common-wealth* reposed in his brest:  
A *Common-wealth*? Twas shrewdly guest, I tell ye;  
He has a *Leath* of *Churches* in his *Belly*.

Pro-

74.

*On the same.*

**P**ROdigious Stomack ! what a cruell deale  
It can devoure ! whole Churches at a *meale* ;  
'Tis very strange that Nature should deliver  
So good a *Stomack* to so bad a *Liver*.

75.

*On LVCR O.*

**L***vro*, it is beleev'd, thy *Conscience*, either  
Is very *wide*, or made of *stretching leather* :  
Me thinks thy *Conscience* rather seemes too small ;  
So farre from *large*, I feare th'ast *none at all*.

76.

*To GOD.*

**I**F thou shouldst strike a blow for ev'ry *slip*  
That mortalls make, or spurre for ev'ry *trip*,  
Within a moments space, here would be found  
No *place* left free t'inflict an other wound :  
*Hackneys* and spur-gall'd *lades* would happier be,  
And in condition, better farre, then *Wee*.

77.

## On Sleepe and Death.

**I**T is receiv'd, that Sleep's the elder brother ;  
I see no reason for't: I thinke, the other :  
Though *Sleepe* does now usurp the upper hand,  
I am sure that *death* do's sweepe away the *Land*.

78.

## To RHEMVS.

**T**Hy Conscience tels thee, that to make debate  
Twixt *Prince* and *People* ; to subvert a *State*,  
To violate a *Truce*, to murder *Kings*  
Are lawfull ; nay, are *meritorious* things :  
Thou hast a *Freedome* more then we, wherein  
To doe against thy *Conscience*, and not sin.

79.

## ON GLORIOSO.

**H**E that relieves his brother in distresse,  
And seeks no vaine *Applause*, do's nothing lesse  
Then lend to his *Redeemer*, laying downe  
A worthlesse *Counter*, to take up a *Crowne*:  
But if *vaine-glory* prompt thy tongue to boast,  
It is not *lent*, *Glorioso* ; 'Tis but *lost*.



80.

To GOD.

**I** Wonder, Lord, thou shouldst so much desire  
Our *yonger dayes*, when as the greene-wood fire  
Of feeble *Nature* is but newly blowne,  
When ev'ry *Roome's* unfurnisht, and not one  
Fit for the presence of so great a *Guest*,  
None trim'd with *Art*, no, not so much as drest  
With *common sense*, when as th'unburnisht print  
Of thy faire *Image*, taken from the Mint  
But now, has not the least imbellishment  
Of *heav'nly knowledge*: Lord, what hast thou ment,  
To make such choice, to choose a time so ill,  
When we have neither meanes, nor yet a will  
To entertaine? Would not our deeper *Age*,  
Wherein the *Toyes* of Child-hood, and the *rage*,  
The *fire* of lustfull Youth shall be abated,  
Wherein our riper Soules shall be estated  
In richer *Knowledge*, and the strength of *Reason*,  
O might not, might not this bin thought a season,  
A time more aptly chosen of the twaine,  
For thee to come; and us, to entertaine?  
No; thou, great God, that art our wise Creator,  
Wert better read in our rebellious Nature:  
Thou knewst the Bow of our corrupted will  
Stood bent to mischief, would be *drawne* to ill  
By ev'ry *Armé*; Thou knewest that every hower  
Gave new encrease to strength, and double power  
To draw those sinfull *shafts* that shoot at heaven;  
Thou knewest our easie *Nature* would be driven

By

By ev'ry Breath, and that our thoughts would fall  
 From bad to worse; from worse to worst of all:  
 Thou knowst that *growing Time* would more unlevel  
 Our rugged *Wills*, and tookst the best of evill:  
 Lord, take it, and betimes; that, being posselt  
 Of that, thou mayest prescribe for all the rest.

81.

On PARTIO.

THou sayst thy *will* is good, and glori'it in it,  
 And yet forgetst thy Maker ev'ry minit:  
 Say *Partio*, was there ever *Will* allow'd  
 When the Testators *mem'ry* was not good?

82.

On an evill Conscience.

WHat hells of *Horror*, an evill *Conscience* brings!  
 What strange *Chimera's*! what prodigious  
 A pregnant womb of wonders! Ev'ry minit (*things*!)  
 We sin; but least, when most we sin agin it.

83.

To Mundano.

Nere thinke, *Mundano*, that one *Roome* will hold  
 Thy *God*, and all thy *gold*;  
 If ere they chance to meet within a heart,  
 They'l either fight, or part:  
 So long as *Earth* seemes glorious in thine eyes,  
 Thy thoughts can never rise;  
 Beleev't

Beleeve't *Mundano*, by how much more neare  
Thou getst to Heav'n, the *lesse* will earth appeare.

84.

*To my Friend.*

WOuld'st thou be prosp'rous, tho the bēded brow  
Of *Fortune* threaten thee? Ile teach thee how:  
Call home thy dearest *wishes*, and recall  
Thy *hopes*; Expect the worst that can befall:  
If come; thy heart will be the more secure,  
The *lesse* amaz'd, and abler to endure:  
If it come not, *Expectance* is no losse;  
Perchance it armes thee for another *Crosse*:  
Thus wisely sheltred under this reliefe,  
Thy *joy* shall be the *lesse*; and *lesse*, thy *Griefe*.

85.

*To Malsido.*

CHeare up *Malsido*, Lay thy thoughts more level;  
Make sure of *Grace*, and ne'r suspect thy *Food*:  
He that is *Good*, can give a thing that's evill  
No more, then thou, being *evill*, canst wish a good:  
He better knowes to give, then thou to begge;  
Thou whin'st for *Stones*, and grumblest at an *Egge*:  
O, let his better will suspend thy wish,  
And thou shalt find no *Scorpion*; if, no *Fish*.

86.

On Crucio.

**T**Hou still complainst that *serrows* do attend thee.  
 And that their *savours* do so much annoy thee :  
 Mistake not ; they are *weapons*, to defend thee ;  
 They be not *Engins*, *Crucio*, to destroy thee ;  
 Wilt thou mislike thy Cropps of swelling *Corn*,  
 Because th'are trencht,& fenc'd about with *thorn*?

87.

To Rhemus.

**T**Is true; we are but *dust*; but *wormes*; nay *men*,  
 That are more base then either; And what then?  
 Shall *wormes*, or *dust*, or *men* be well advis'd,  
 To goe in *person* (where wee have despis'd)  
 Before a *God*, a glorious God? I, doe;  
 Who bids thee *Come*, will bid thee *Welcome* too :  
*Rhemus*, when call'd in *person*, you appeare  
 By *Proxy*, tell me where's your manners, there?  
 Tis better to be *wisely bold*, then make  
 Thy selfe unmannerly, for *manners* sake :  
 Some ill-bred *Clownes* there be, that, being loath  
 To foule a *Napkin*, draw a filthy *Cloath*.

88.

To Macio.

**D**Rooke not beneath thy wants, as if forlorne,  
 Thou must be made a  *Jewell*, to be worne

In

In *Abrams bosome*: *Macio*, he that comes  
To *Abrams bosome*, finds his way, by *Crumms*.

89.

ON REPROOF.

Is not enough to strive agin the *Aff*,  
Or not to *doe't*; we must reprove the *Fact*  
In others too, The *Sin*, being once made knowne  
To us, if not reprov'd, becomes *our owne*:  
We must *disswade* the Vice, we scorne to *follow*;  
We must *spit out*, as well as never *swallow*.

90.

ON CURIOS.

Two *Eares* to let in *Knowledge*, Nature gave;  
To entertaine true *Faith*, one *heart* we have;  
Why so? Ile tell thee *Curio*, in brieve,  
Our *knowledge* twice exceeds our *halfe beleefe*.

91.

ON ZELUSTVS.

*Zelus* thinks, his paines are worth his labour  
If he love *God*, though he traduce his *Neighbour*:  
His hot-mouth'd *Zeale* false-gallops on so fast  
In the *first Table* 't tyers in the *last*:  
Art thou a faithfull *Steward* of Gods store,  
*Zelus*, that spend'st *Sixe*, and keep'st but *Foure*?

Dd 2

Philauto's

92.

On Philautos.

**P**hilauto's Charity is like a *Mouſe*  
 That keepes at home, and never leaves the houſe,  
 Till it be fir'd: It ſtirres for no mans cauſe,  
 Unleſſe to feed on *Crumms* of vaine Applauſe:  
 Take heed, *Philautos*, leſt thou heed too late;  
 The *Mouſe*, in time, will eate up thy *Eſtate*,

93.

On Dubius.

**D***ubius*, Thy eares are *two*, Thy tongue but *one*;  
 Heare God and *Prieſt*, Confeſſe to God alone.

94.

To Sir Julius Ceſar, Maſter of the  
*Rolls*.

**T**He high *Perfections*, wherwith heav'n do's pleaſe  
 To crowne our transitory dayes, are theſe;  
*Goods* well poſſeſt, and not poſſeſſing thee;  
 A faithfull *Friend*, equall in love, degree:  
*Lands* fruitfull, and not conſcious of a *Curſe*:  
 A boaſtleſſe *hand*, a Charitable *purſe*;  
 A ſmiling *Conſcience*, A contented *Mind*;  
 A ſober *knowledge*, with true *Wiſedome*, joynd:  
 A *Breſt*, well temper'd; Dyet without Art,  
 Suffer, or want; A wiſely-ſimple *Heart*.

*Pastimes*

*Pastimes* ingenuous, lawfull, manly, sparing;  
*A Spirit* not contentious rash, but daring:  
*A Body* healthfull, sound, and fit for labour;  
*A House* well order'd, and an equall *Neighbour*:  
*A prudent Wife*, and constant to the roose;  
 Sober, but yet not sad, and faire enough;  
*Sleepe* seasonable, moderate, and secure;  
*Actions* heroick, constant, blamelesse, pure;  
 A life, as long as faire; and when expir'd,  
 A glorious *Death*, unfeard, as undesir'd.

95.

On L V C R O.

**L** *Vcro*, how poor thy *Tyrant* wealth has made thee!  
 How miserable poore! It has betrayd thee  
 To thy owne seeming selfe; And it is growne  
 As little, thine, or lesse then thou, thy owne:  
 Alas, poore *Lucro*, how thy fruitfull pawnes  
 Abuse thy Stomacke, that so often yawnes  
 For a good Morfell, whilst thy *Saint* does rome,  
 Like a *Decoy*, t'entice evill *Angels* home,  
 Whose more imperious presence must controule  
 And fright the peace of thy perplexed Soule!  
*Lucro*, be slave no longer to thy pelfe;  
 Subdue thy Gold, and make thy selfe, thy selfe:  
 But if thy *Saint* be growne too strong for thee,  
 He tell thee *Lucro*; turne thy *Saint* to me.

96.

## ON MENDAX.

**F**Aire-spoken *Mendax*, on the least occasion,  
Sweares by his *Faith*, and by his owne *Salvation*;  
Is rash-braine *Mendax*, well advised, then,  
To pawne his *Faith* in *God*, for *Faith* with *Men*?  
Sure, small's thy *Wit* or *Credit*, to be drawne  
For *Wares* so poore, to leave so great a *Pawne*.

97.

## ON BLANDVS.

**W**Hen ere I with my *Blandus* a Good morrow  
He is my *Servant*: If I come to borrow,  
Or but salute my *Blandus* passing by,  
I am your *Servant*, *Blandus* does reply:  
If court my *Blandus*, I must understand,  
He is my *Servant*, and does kisse my hand;  
Discourse with *Blandus*, ev'ry Clause shall be  
I am your *Servant*: If he drinke to me  
My *Servant* does it; I returne his Love,  
My *Servant* pledges: If my lips doe move  
A Suit, he is my *Servant*; Though I doe  
Abuse my *Blandus*, hee's my *Servant* too:  
How blest am I, his service should be such  
To me! He never told his God so much:  
How much, dear *Blandus*, hast thou bound me thine,  
That art his *Servant*, not so much, as mine!

The



98.

On *Rebellio*.

**T**He stout *Rebellio*, scourged by his God,  
Slights his Correction, and ne'r ownes the Rod;  
Take heed, *Rebellio*; Be not stout too long;  
Neglected *stripes* doe oft returne more strong;  
A stubborne *silence* more ill nature showes,  
Then *foobs* of Stomack, and deserves more blowes.

99.

On *God and gold*.

**M**Y *God* and *gold* cannot possesse one heart:  
My *God* and I; or *gold* and I must part.

100.

To JAMES Archbishop of *Armagh*.

**R**Enowned *Prelate*, I nor know nor care  
What secret vertue's in Saint *Patricks Chaire*;  
If any; I dare boldly say, 'tis more  
Since thou satst there, then ere it was before:  
Goe on, great *Patriarck*; If thy higher Story  
(As sure it will) shall drowne S. *Patricks Glory*:  
*Ierna* will, (as now *Ierna* vaunts)  
Be knowne, as well as cal'd, *The Isle of Saints*.  
There

## 101.

*On a waking Conscience.*

**T**Here is a kind of *Conscience* some men keepe,  
Is like a Member that's benumb'd with sleepe;  
Which, as it gathers Blood, and wakes agen,  
It shoots, and pricks, and feesles as big as ten.

## 102.

*On our Affections.*

**O**How prepos't'rous our *Affections* burne!  
We serve the world, love God, to serve our turn

## 103.

*On Zelustus.*

**Z**elustus weares his clothes, as he were clod  
To frighten *Crowes*, and not to serve his God;  
As if the Symptomes of *Regeneration*  
Were nothing but a *Christian out of Fashion*.

## 104.

*On Rebellio.*

**W**hat's ever whining? Evermore alike, (strike?)  
Both when *heaven* strikes & when he leaves to  
Nor stroke thy stomacke downe, when as thy God  
Is friends with thee, and throwne aside the Rod?  
Take heed, *Rebellio*, heaven doe not reply  
Upon thy *Sobbs*, and he that made thee cry

For

For thy owne Good, reward not thy repining  
With a new Rod, & scourge thee worse for whining.

105.

On Zelustus.

Not thy Geneva Ruffe, nor steeple Hat  
With flagging Eaves, or Cipresse out of date;  
Thy nock-shorn Cloake, with a round narrow Cape;  
Thy Russet hose crosse-garterd with a Tape;  
Thy Antick Habit, of the old Translation,  
Made for the purpose in despight of Fashion;  
Tis none of these, Zelustus, that can bring  
Thy zeale in credit; none of these can wring  
The least applause from heav'n: Heav'n never ment  
A Christians Conscience should be bound or bent  
To shapes; Zelustus, we can scarce divide  
An Affectation from a secret Pride.

106.

On Conscio.

Art thou revil'd, and slander'd? and yet whine?  
I feare th'art guilty: Is that heart of thine  
So faint (if guiltlesse) that it cannot stoope  
Beneath so poore a Burthen, and not droope?  
He that hat fire at home may well refraine  
To blow his fingers, Conscio, or complaine  
The weather's cold abroad: Make sure within,  
And let them censure, let them snarle agin:  
Thou mayest appeare, but not be this, the worse;  
If Conscience blesse thee, Doe, let Shemei curse.

E e

Thy

107.

To GOD.

Thy sacred *will* be done, great God,  
To spend, or to suspend thy *Rod* :  
If possible, my will's to misse it ;  
If otherwise, to stoope, and *kisse* it.

108.

On Devotion.

We must not onely *be* to God, but *shew*  
To Man; *Pauls Cloak* must be remembred too.

109.

On the Christian.

Is not enough that the *Kings Daughter* should  
Be faire within ; She must be clad in *Gold* ;  
The curious *Needle* cloathes her whiter skin ;  
Shees's rich *without*, and glorious all within :  
The true borne *Christian*, must, as well, be clod  
With *liens* to men, as lin'd with *hearts* to God.

110.

On Mercy and Justice.

Gods *Mercy* and his *Justice* is the same ;  
Tis but the *Object* that divides, the Name.

Before

## III.

## ON AVLICVS.

BEfore that *Anlicus* was made a Lord,  
 He was my Friend; we might exchange a word,  
 As well as hearts; He could be never weary  
 Of my society; was jocund, merry;  
 Ingenuous, and as jealous to offend;  
 He was enjoyd, He could enjoy his friend:  
 But now he swells, lookes big, his Favours change,  
 As well as Fortunes: Now his eyes are strange:  
 His thoughts are *Councels*, curious *webs* of State;  
 And all his Actions must be wonder'd at;  
 His Speeches must be *Lawes*, and every word  
 An *Oracle*, to be admir'd, ador'd.  
 Friendship must now be *service*: A new mold  
 Must have new *Matter*, melted from the old:  
 O *Anlicus*, 'twere well, if thou couldst doe  
 The very same in *spirituall honour* too.

## III.

## TO RHEMVS.

**F***Aish* must be joynd to *works*: *Rhemus*, I wonder,  
 What God has joynd, thou dar'st presume to  
 (sunder!

113.

ON TORTVS.

**T**Is not the bearing of the *Crosse*, or *Gup*  
Of thy Affliction; Thou must take them up:  
Nor ist the taking up, alone, will doe;  
*Tortus*, thou must take up, and follow too.

114.

ON GRACCHVS.

**G***racchus* so often did repeat a *Lye*,  
Past on, with Credit, from his very youth,  
That now his Conscience has forborne to crye  
Against it, and perswades him 'tis a *Truth*:  
Tis well for *Gracchus*; He has gain'd thereby;  
He now may tell the same, and never lye.

115.

ON PHARES.

**T**Hou say'st, it is a *Supper*, and is fit  
To use the *Posture* of a *Meale*, to sit:  
Can thy Discretion, *Phares*, or thy zeale  
Give carnall *Gestures* to a spirituall *Meale*?  
A heav'nly *Supper* and a fleshly *Heart*?  
Thy *Posture* has discover'd what thou art.

You'l

116.

*On the same.*

**Y**OU'l take it *sitting* : Pray ; and no man know it :  
 You'l doe, and yet you will not seeme to doe it :  
 You'l bow your *Heart*, although you bend no *Knee* :  
 'Tis like your *Selfe* ; You seeme not, what you be.

117.

Tomy BOOKE.

**S**O ; Now, 't is time to *waine* thee from my brest ;  
 Thy *Teeth* grow sharp, *my Babe*, It will be best  
 For both : Thy hasty *Nurse* is come to take thee  
 From my fond *arms* : ne'r whimper, he will make thee  
 A *dainty golden Coate* : Let it suffice thee,  
 Thou art mine stil: how ere, Thy *Nurse* wil *prize* thee  
 For his own sake and thine : When thou art strong,  
 And sure of foot, hee'l let thee sport among  
 Thy *fellow-children* ; He will let thee see  
 The *World*, which thou hadst never scene, with me :  
 Thou mayst doe well, if *Fortune* strike thee luck,  
 And faire *Opinion* ; Thou didst never suck  
 But one *good Friday*, and thou mayst improve  
 As well in *Merit*, as in popular *love* ;  
 Thou hast *six* *Brethren* (borne as well as thee  
 Of a free *Muse*) legitimate and free ;  
*Pages* to *Cesar*, and in *Cesars Court*,  
 Besides an *Ishmael*, that attends the Port  
 Of a great *Lord*, an Honourable *Pierre*  
 Of this blest *Realme* : If ere thou wander, there,

E e 3

They

They'l bid thee welcome, at the times of leasure,  
Perchance, and bring thee to the hand of *Cesar* :  
Thou art but young, and tender, (for who knowes  
The *paths* of Fate?) perhaps, and one of those  
Whom *Clotho* favours not; perchance, thy *Twine*  
May be produc'd (for thou art halfe *divine*)  
To after Ages, to the utmost date  
Of Time; who knowes? but we subscribe to *Fate* :  
Perchance, thy Fortune's to be *bought and sold*;  
Was not young *Ioseph* serv'd the like of old?  
Thy bondage may, like his, be made perchance,  
A *step to Honour*, and a meanes t'advance  
Thy higher Fortunes, and prepare thy *band*  
To ease a *dearth*, if *dearth* should strike the Land:

But I transgresse, my *Babe* : Tis time to part;  
The *Lawes* of Nature breake the *Rules* of Art;  
Once more farewell: Let *Heav'n's* high blessings shine  
On my *poore Babe*, as my *poore Babe* has mine.

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*The end of the fourth and last Booke.*

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